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BEDFORD GAZETTE

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ESTABLISHED IN 1805

THE GAZETTE WISHES ALL A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

COUNTY INSTITUTE

Full and Complete Report of the Concluding Sessions

REPORT OF COMMITTEES

Resolution and Memorial—Superintendent Barkman Presented with Handsome Gold Watch.

(Continued From Last Week.)

Wednesday Afternoon

The afternoon session opened with orchestral selections and several vocal selections. Dr. Omwake discussed his selected topic—In the Golden Days of Greece.

The leading figure in Greek history was regarded to be Aristotle of the 4th century B. C. The turning point in Greek history was named as 450 B. C. The great word in Greek life, expression and literature was "logos" or "logic," meaning "proportion." Nothing was so conspicuous in their living literature, architecture and statuary as the sense of reason. No state in all the world held a civic state so balanced. Their sculpturing and status breath, as it were, the same poise of dignity, balance and culture possessed by the human being alive. The Wrestlers, the Discus Throwers, as examples, illustrate their keen sense of beautiful form in man and woman. Every muscle of prominence is carved in the cold stone with life-like effect. Porticos, steeples, domes and towers of the modern mansions and halls of knowledge, are imitative of the ancient inimitable structures of the Grecian artist. As yet, however, our architects have not yet developed the sensitive taste, but are approaching the ideal.

There is a noticeable lack of the aesthetic sense among us Americans. Seldom do we see a harmonious grouping or statuary decorating the home, the public building or the places of industry. A story was told of a grand exposure, if there be such, of ignorance on the part of the builder, claim agent and officials of a certain railroad company when a certain piece of statuary was delivered to the pedestal upon which it was to rest as a decoration. Upon unpacking the statue, it was found, as the purchaser and those named above supposed, to have lost an arm by the recklessness of transportation. The damages were paid by a company lacking a sense or knowledge of art. The statue was that of Venus. All those who had a strain of the Grecian beautiful within them would have seen the limless image of this beautiful piece of art so intended. Could it be possible Dr. Omwake would at some future time relate before another distant institute, the fact that he had told this story to several audiences, two of which did not appreciate it? Get acquainted with the art museums may have been a command the lecturer inferred in his last remark. A visit to the Metropolitan or Corcoran Museums of Art, or those of Boston and the Golden Gate will reveal indelible impressions that lead us to be deeply moved by the reverential air inherent in the Greek sense of aestheticism.

Coordinate with this address on The Beautiful, a splendid piano solo was given by a little artist but 13 years of age. The pianist was Miss Nellie Croyle of Pavia, this county, an artist of but three years' practice. She played from the classics with an effect. It can not be too strong or too laudable to say "She smote the rock of the musical keyboard and abundant strains of music gushed forth." Her audience will support this remark, and upon second thought, be reminded once more of the efficient instructor, S. H. Koontz, our home musician. He, as well as the pianist, deserves mention.

Dr. Mackenzie—Casting a Spell. He spoke of spelling as meaning Casting a Spell. He referred to the use of the word Waverley misused 25 times in the U. S., and spelled correctly but once, and this correct use is found in Massachusetts, imitative of the spelling in Scott's novel by that name.

The native of Lexington, Ky., pointed out a number of common, simple errors and remedies in the teaching of spelling.

Recess. Music—Bonnie Charlie. Roll Call. All present but three. The School and the Community—Mr. Harbold. The afternoon was so far spent that, in the opinion of the instructor, it was time for a close. He closed with a few brief remarks of a genial character.

Wednesday Evening

Dr. John Merritte Driver suggested an idea of the true heavyweight, immediately after mounting the platform. His body did not lead to wrong conception in the "bigness" of the man. As a scholar, but a few minutes of his lecture were sufficient to compel the audience to give attention. His unexcelled oratory was noticeable from the start. Opinions regarding the lecture flowed freely through the hall. Some regarded it as simply magnificent, one of the most masterly, scholarly things ever heard. Others exclaimed, "Superlatively fine!" The fine tone color of his oratory, the masterly range of his voice all united to portray his sensible views of the Jew, Gentile

(Continued on Second Page.)

George Swartz

George Swartz, a well-known citizen of South Bedford Township, died suddenly at his home on the Poorhouse road Saturday afternoon, death being due to epilepsy, from which the deceased had been a sufferer for the past several years. He was born December 25, 1866, therefore being aged 45 years, 11 months and 26 days.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Myra Boor, and a daughter of the late W. A. Boor, one son and one brother, David Swartz, of Altoona.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. W. Illingworth of the Presbyterian Church and Rev. J. Albert Eyer of the Reformed Church, at his late home Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. The deceased was a member of Bedford Lodge, No. 436, K. of P., which organization attended the funeral in a body and conducted the services at the grave.

Mrs. Anna M. Koontz

Mrs. Anna Margaret Koontz died at her home near Cessna on Friday, December 20, of paralysis, aged 70 years, 10 months and 24 days. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Wisegarver and was born near Cessna January 26, 1842. In February 1866, she was married to George Z. Koontz who survives with one daughter, Mrs. Harry Heltzel of Cessna; also two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Heming of Imbertown and Mrs. Mildred Morehead of Belden.

The funeral services were conducted in St. Paul's Reformed Church Sunday morning, December 22, by Rev. E. A. G. Hermann; interment in adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Koontz had been an invalid for over two years. She bore her sufferings in a spirit of patience and Christian fortitude. At the age of 16 she united with the Reformed Church of which she remained a faithful and consistent member all her life.

Dr. A. H. King

Dr. Albert H. King, a well-known physician of this county, died suddenly last Friday night at his home in Riddlesburg of pneumonia, after an illness of but a few days.

He was born in Allensville, Mifflin County, October 2, 1866, being at the time of his death aged 46 years, two months and 19 days. His wife, who was Miss Gertrude Stoler, daughter of D. M. Stoler of Saxton, survives.

The funeral services were conducted in Riddlesburg on Monday, December 23, by Rev. Arthur C. Ohl. Interment was made in Fockler's Cemetery, Saxton.

Mr. King attended the public schools in his home county until 16 years of age, when he engaged in teaching for six years. He studied medicine and was graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1894, and has practiced his profession ever since. He was a member of the House of Representatives from 1904 to 1906 and was elected Coroner of Bedford County in 1902.

Mrs. Nancy Shuss

Mrs. Nancy Shuss, formerly of this county, died Tuesday morning, December 24, at her home in Garfield, Kas. She was born near Woodbury and was 60 years of age. She is survived by her husband, John Shuss, and four brothers, one of whom is C. Z. Replegle of Woodbury.

Court Notes

Associate Judges William Brice, Sr., and J. W. Huff held court on Thursday and disposed of the following business:

Estate of David H. Miller of Mann's Choice, a lunatic, bond of Simon D. Miller, committee, in the sum of \$1,000 filed and approved.

In estate of Annie Leydig, a lunatic, on motion the filing of an account by Harvey May, committee, waived.

In re estate of Andrew J. Foor, late of West Providence, the filing of an account by Joseph Wilson, committee, waived.

Archer-Galbreath

The wedding of Miss Mary Bowles Galbreath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wiley Galbreath, of Baltimore, to Archibald W. Archer of New York took place at noon on Wednesday of last week in Baltimore. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Alice McClintock and Mrs. D. W. Prosser, of this place, and Mrs. B. F. Ashcom of Everett, who attended the wedding.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Was Celebrated in the Various Churches of Bedford

EXCELLENT PROGRAMS

Rendered in Pleasing Manner by Old and Young—Large Audiences in Attendance.

Christmas was celebrated by the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, when a beautiful service, entitled, "A White Gift," was rendered by the members. A large chorus, composed of young men and women, boys and girls, all wearing white gowns, was an inspiring feature of this service. Following is the program:

Part I

- 1 Beginners and Primary Exercises—Chorus, Recitation, Elizabeth Madore; Duet, Josephine and Elinor Corle; Recitation, Sarah Piper.
- 2 Processional.
- 3 Lord's Prayer Chanted.
- 4 Chorus—"Hail the King."
- 5 Reading—"The Prophecy," Miss May Hartley.
- 6 Duet—"While Shepherds Watched," Mrs. William Davidson, Miss Besse Corle.
- 7 Chorus—"Silent Night."
- 8 Chorus—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."
- 9 Reading—"The Fields of Judea."
- 10 Chorus—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing."
- 11 Reading—"The Wise Men."

During this reading a large star composed of fifteen electric lights, was illuminated.

12 "White Gifts to the King," an exercise consisting of a reading by Miss Lillian Mock, and the offering of the Sunday School being deposited at the altar by three boys.

Part II—Circumcision

- 1 Solo and Chorus—"Psalms," Dr. C. R. Grissinger.
- 2 Reading—"Judgment Hall to Calvary."
- 3 Male Chorus. While a number of young men, located in the gallery in the rear of the congregation sang a hymn, a large white cross was stood upon the platform, and six little girls rendered a beautiful exercise.
- 4 Congregational—"Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."
- 5 Solo—"Calvary," D. S. Horn.
- 6 Reading, "Resurrection."
- 7 Solo and Chorus—"The Holy City," Miss Emma Shuck.
- 8 Reading—"The New Kingdom."
- 9 Remarks by Pastor and congregational offering.
- 10 Recessional—March.
- 11 Congregational—"Joy to the World."
- 12 Benediction.

Trinity Lutheran

The members of the Lutheran Sunday School held their Christmas services in the church Wednesday evening. The auditorium was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the following program was well rendered:

- Processional.
- Antem by Choir.
- Responsive Reading.
- Gloria Patri.
- Invocation by Pastor.
- Address of Welcome, Evelyn Cessna.
- Greeting, Richard Schnably.
- Welcome to Christmas, Robert Prosser, William Snell, Fred Billman.
- Men's Chorus.
- Recitation, Fred Deibaugh.
- Recitation, Evelyn Cessna.
- Exercise, "Christmas," nine boys.
- Recitation, Jessie Raley.
- Recitation, "Bells Across the Snow," Sara Long.
- Exercise by three boys.
- Solo, Fred Sammel.
- Exercise, "Little Candles," six girls.
- Recitation, Almina Cessna.
- Recitation, "O! Happy Bells," Raymond Moore.
- Song, Anna Elizabeth Cessna.
- Recitation, Edwin Billman.
- Recitation, "Star of Bethlehem," Geraldine Minemier.
- Duet, Mrs. S. H. Gump and Miss Maude Cessna.
- Exercise, "How Does the Earth Know 'Tis Christmastide," six girls.
- Recitation, "A Christmas Dream," Ray Beckley.
- Women's Chorus.
- Recitation, May Leonard.

(Continued on Eighth Page)

Miss Elizabeth Van Ormer

Announcement of the death of Miss Elizabeth Bunn Van Ormer, which occurred last Friday evening, December 20, was a great shock not only to Bedford friends but to the entire community of Schellsburg, her home.

On Sunday Miss Van Ormer came to Bedford to attend institute and was the guest of her brother, S. A. Van Ormer, at the Corle House, where she became ill Monday night. On Wednesday she was taken to her home but grew rapidly worse; medical aid was of no avail and at 8:45 o'clock Friday evening, after intense suffering, her spirit passed quietly into that "house not made with hands."

She was the fourth child and only daughter of Dr. William W. and Salome (Bunn) Van Ormer and was born in Schellsburg on November 28, 1880. After attending the home schools she went to Maryland College for Women at Lutherville, Md., where she was a student for two years. The remaining portion of her life was spent with her aged parents in their home, which is bereft of its greatest blessing—their all in all—and which held all that was dearest to her in life. Her sweet voice and kindly manner won for her many friends and to those who reached the inner circle of her friendship she was staunch and true. Devoted to her family, friends and church, she will be greatly missed, but memories of a life nobly spent will ever remain with those to whom she was endeared. Who shall explain the ways of God?

Surviving are her parents and the following brothers: Rev. A. B. B. Van Ormer of Shippensburg, Dr. W. L. of Schellsburg, Charles L. of Cumberland and S. A. of Bedford.

The funeral services were held at the late home at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Rev. H. W. Bender officiating, assisted by Rev. Schoch. Interment was made in the Schellsburg Cemetery.

"She has passed beyond sight, at the touching of death, But lives, like ourselves, in God's infinite care."

Benjamin Troutman

Benjamin Troutman died at his home at Belden, Bedford Township, on Thursday, December 19, aged 76 years, seven months and 18 days. He was a son of George and Catherine (Brubaker) Troutman, and was born on Dry Ridge May 1, 1836. On December 12, 1861, he was married to Miss Anna Smith, and since then they have resided in Bedford Township, where last year, they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Besides his aged wife, two sons and one daughter survive: George J. Troutman of Kahoka, Mo., and Shannon U. Troutman and Mrs. Albert E. Smith, of Bedford Township. Two brothers, Charles of Thomas, W. Va., and Shannon Troutman of Patterson Creek, W. Va., seventeen grandchildren and six great-grandchildren also survive.

The funeral services were conducted in Messiah Lutheran Church Sunday morning, December 22, by Revs. D. T. Detwiler and Levi Holsinger; interment in Messiah Cemetery.

Mr. Troutman lived in Bedford County all his life. He engaged in farming until about two years ago, when he retired and moved to Belden. By his death the people of his community lost a kind friend and obliging neighbor, and his family a loving husband and father.

Samuel L. Snyder

Samuel L. Snyder died at his home in Bloomfield Township Monday morning, December 23. Had he lived until January 6, 1913, he would have been 68 years of age. He was born, reared and always lived in the same house, and was well known all over Morrison's Cove as a good citizen, kind neighbor and affectionate husband and father. He was a member of the Holsinger Brethren Church, where the funeral services were conducted yesterday morning.

Mr. Snyder is survived by his wife and the following children: Dr. Clarence Snyder of Sylvania, O., Roswell of Mann's Choice, Mrs. Herma Steele of Saxton, Mrs. Clara Mowry of Baker's Summit and Miles, Stanley and Myrtle, at home. He was one of a family of eleven, four of whom died during the past year, and the two surviving members are: Charles Snyder of New Paris and Mrs. David Fetter of Bedford Township.

PERSONAL NOTES

Arrivals and Departures of Residents and Visitors.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

The Column Everybody Reads—Chatter About Your Friends and Neighbors—Here and There.

Miss Sarah Mardorff of Harrisburg is visiting at her home here. Mr. William H. Corle of Pittsburgh is the guest of Bedford relatives.

M. E. Kensinger, Esq., of Saxton was a business caller at this office yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Griffith and little daughter of Pittsburgh, are visiting relatives in Bedford.

Mr. Russell Blackburn, who is attending Swathmore College, is home for his Christmas vacation.

Mrs. A. C. Lessig and son Frank left on Sunday to spend the holidays with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. Louis Saupp is on his annual midwinter trip to Washington, Baltimore and other Southern cities.

Mr. H. E. Miller and son Arleigh, who are employed in Johnstown, spent Christmas at their home here.

Mr. J. D. Armstrong of Uniontown spent from Tuesday until yesterday with his sister, Mrs. George O. Farber.

Mr. Raymond Burke, a student at Dickinson College, Carlisle, is spending the holidays with Bedford relatives.

Mr. Charles D. Ross, a traveling salesman for a typewriter firm, is spending the holidays here with his family.

Rev. Edward F. Reimer, pastor of the Marietta Presbyterian Church, is spending a few days with Bedford friends.

Mr. Solomon Metzger of New York City visited his mother, Mrs. S. S. Metzger of South Richard Street, the past week.

Mr. Roy S. Claycomb of St. Clairsville, a student at Millersville State Normal, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Stuckey, of Johnstown, were Christmas guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Arnold.

Miss Elizabeth Metzger, who is attending school at Wilkes-Barre, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Metzger.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Smith left Tuesday morning to spend some time with their daughter, Mrs. Oscar Burkett, of Duquesne.

Bank Cashier Oscar Irwin and wife, of Huntingdon, spent Christmas here with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Irwin.

Mr. John W. Dibert a linotype operator of Pittsburgh, is spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. John Lee, on West John Street.

Miss Abigail Blackburn, who is teaching school in Delaware City, Del., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Howard Blackburn.

Miss Edith Smith, a student at Woman's College, Frederick, Md., is spending her Christmas vacation at her home at the Corle House.

Misses Margaret and Helen Cromwell left Thursday morning to visit their sister, Mrs. Julian Hearne, at "Hearn Lee" Wheeling, W. Va.

Mr. Irvin S. Billman and son Leroy, of Wormleysburg, are spending some time at the home of the former's brother, Mr. D. M. Billman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cook are spending the week in Philadelphia. They will also visit their son John, who is employed at Avalon, N. J.

Mr. Charles Allen, who is a student at a business college at Lancaster, is spending the holidays here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bingham and Miss Mary Armstrong, of Ellerslie, Md., spent Christmas with the latter's sister, Mrs. George O. Farber.

Mr. Herman Claybaugh of Chapman's Run was the guest yesterday of his brothers-in-law, Frank Fletcher, Esq., and County Treasurer John Fletcher.

Messrs. Thomas Arnold and Raymond Sammel, students at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, are spending their holiday vacation at their homes here.

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MENTIONED IN BRIEF

Many Items of Interest From Town and County.

Insurance Agent Ed. Berkheimer is on the sick list, being unable to leave his home.

On Tuesday Edward Snyder of Monroe Township was appointed mercantile appraiser by the County Commissioners.

Edgar Over will act as salesman during the coming season for the Union Garage, handling Ford and Buick automobiles.

Rev. Benjamin H. Mosser, D. D., of Huntingdon, District Superintendent, will preach at 11 and 7:30 o'clock in the Methodist Church of Bedford next Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Mark's Lutheran Church will hold an oyster supper New Year's evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Beegle, Friend's Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Mardorff, who were recently married, have returned to Bedford from their honeymoon and have gone to housekeeping in Mrs. Nancy O'Neal's property, East Penn Street.

Richard N. Leo arrived home from St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, on Saturday, much improved in health. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Ella Gilchrist, who has been with him for some time.

The market held by the Church of God at Saxton will be discontinued during the revival season and there will be none next Saturday or until further announced. Regular customers will be supplied through the Aid Society.

H. T. Shuck of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., won the three pound box of Whitman's candy at Dull's this week. He guessed within three of the exact number. There were 1933 snow flakes in the window; his guess was 1930. See Dull's advertisement on page eight.

Among those from a distance who attended the funeral of Benjamin Troutman were: George J. Troutman and daughters, Anna and Minnie, of Kahoka, Mo.; Mrs. John Miller and son Archie, Williams; and George Kiser, of Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Uriah Thomas of Cumberland, Md.

Marriage licenses were issued in Cumberland this week to Harry C. Dively of Weyant and Ella B. Bowser of Osterburg, Roy Yutzy and Alberta A. Hartzel, of Mann's Choice, Oscar William Holler and Blanche Hillegass, of New Buena Vista, and Lemuel F. Beall and Etta Klusterman of Hyndman.

Recent callers at the Gazette office were George Troutman of Kahoka, Mo., Biven Meloy of Fossilville, W. E. Reiley, Isaac Harclerode and H. D. Naugle, of Wolfburg, Rt. 1; J. C. Howsare of Cumberland Valley, Elmer Koontz, Isaac and Lee Diehl, J. C. Zimmers, Jas. A. Points, and S. U. Troutman, of Bedford Township; Jacob Acker of Osterburg, W. F. Faupel of Mann's Choice, H. N. Shoemaker of Schellsburg, Demont Mowry of near Cessna, D. R. Hoenstine of Imber and George W. Williams of Rainsburg.

PEDESTRIANS WALKING

From Colorado to New York Stop in Bedford on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Fison of Colorado Springs, Col., who are walking from that city to New York, arrived in Bedford Monday afternoon. They left their home city on September 21, and, in order to win the wage of \$500, offered by the Pike's Peak Athletic Club, must complete the trip in 90 days, Sundays excluded, and be in New York by January 12, 1913. Their little companion, "Dudie," a fox terrier, has walked the entire distance. They are meeting their expenses along the trip by giving lectures and selling photo post cards.

They were pleased with the roads through this section, and left Bedford confident of completing the journey in the allotted time.

Brotherhood Reception

The Brotherhood invites the membership and friends of Trinity Lutheran Church to their Open House Reception on New Year's Day from 2 p. m. to 12 o'clock. Special program during the evening.

Death of Conda Wilson

Conda Wilson, former proprietor of the Tremont Hotel, Cumberland, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at his home in that city. Mr. Wilson was well-known here.

COUNTY INSTITUTE

(Continued from First Page.)

and Negro, while the historical sketches of foreign lands he had visited blended in to create a mosaic none less than a masterpiece. Even though he held his audience for two hours, many would have enjoyed another hour on the phase he merely touched—The Balkan-Turkish War.

Thursday Forenoon

The exercises opened Thursday morning with a devotional hymn. Scriptural reading from the 5th chapter of Matthew, and prayer was offered by Rev. H. E. Wicand, Lutheran Church, Bedford. Yes, I Hear the Angels Calling was sung in conclusion of devotion.

The Glory of the Public Schools.—Mr. Harbold. Teachers may rightly glory in the public school because of the splendid field for research by the magazines. With the political wave gone by, attention and con is directed to this criticism is valuable and just. Some is wholly worthless, especially when coming from the pen of those who have never been within a school room.

Another glory lies in the material wealth of our schools. The Keystone State pays \$20,000,000 to its teachers annually; it expends \$42,000,000 for buildings, grounds and appliances; it owns \$103,000,000 worth of school property devoted to the education of the boys and girls; 36,000 teachers now serve as the "Grand Army" of our state enlisted as privates in the instruction of one million children, all of whom have equal privileges in the educational struggle.

Pennsylvania has a great percentage of the educational wealth of the nation. Compare with the glories of the national educational wealth; \$371,000,000 represents the total expenditure of the U. S. One billion dollars represents its property value; 495,000 teachers is the National Army, and 17,000,000 children are the followers. With this armed force, there need be little fear of the future condition of the country, provided, however, this army is properly skilled in the educational tactics; is properly taught.

This multitude of teachers have a wide field for progress and expansion. There are new systems to be discovered. New methods to be successfully practiced. Many teachers will recall the Batavian System still in use in New York. It is the individual method. Who may decide whether it is good or bad? Each teacher must do this for herself and find one good new thought for which the world will be glad.

Mr. Harbold gloried in the imperfections of our school system. Such seems like a paradox. However, the glory lies in the fact that imperfection is a security against wasting away, a prevention of decay.

A fourth glory lies in a reward to be received for service, in proportion as we have had and held up our high ideals. If the motive has been to rise, the reward should be great.

Music—The Popcorn Man.

Mr. Mackenzie—Models in Composition. His opening remarks should have stimulated all hearers to learn just what is the capital required to write a book, merely write it. Knowledge of the energy expended to produce a work might be surprisingly different from our expectations, and thus culture our appreciation.

Recess.

Music—The Old Stone House.

The Educator's Philosophy.—Dr. Omwake. The five subjects of classified knowledge, constituting the educator's sciences, discussed on Tuesday, were used as introductory to the new subject.

Sciences at our hands are now only being studied a bit. Our lack of scientific knowledge, our lack of scientific practice is due to the utmost degeneracy that existed in the middle ages. That degeneracy has been handed down and still partially surrounds us. In those Dark Ages, the theory was maintained that the soul would prosper the more in direct proportion to the extent to which the body should suffer.

This theory led to gross negligence of the rules of cleanliness and cultured manners. Bathing was put upon a ban. Especially no girl was allowed to take the bath under penalty. In those dark ages many of the habits of degeneracy were cultivated among the young as well as the old, and it is with these we must still battle today. Examples of the low life of the middle ages were narrated, among which was the history of buttons as a decoration or trimming for men's coat sleeves. The boy of the dark ages used no handkerchief other than his coat sleeve, and, as ideals advanced, boys were prevented in this obscene practice by the tailor sewing long rows of buttons from elbow to end of sleeve, to offer a menace to his offensive habit. The buttons are in use today, but set lower and fewer of them.

When Erasmus wrote in the 6th century regarding school affairs, he recommended sneezing as valuable from a cleanly point of view. Many other similar thoughts help us to see how very low must have been their spiritual as well as intellectual ideals.

Every teacher should have some conception of the human life and its necessities, or is unfit for the duty. The child in its infancy is guided by instinct alone, and motor impulses. These same instincts are shared by the animals. There is thus a similarity in the human being and the animal. The stream of life is going upward from a maximum of instinct and a minimum of reason, to a maximum of reason and a minimum of instinct. The human being possesses reason which the lower animal does not.

Dr. Omwake offered another definition of education based upon the foregoing principles—Education is the highest possible spiritual personality in the best possible physical organism.

Thursday Afternoon

Thursday afternoon, from time remote, has been the great climax in all county institutes. Especially is

NO MORE DANDRUFF FALLING HAIR GRAY HAIR

Men and women—do you want a splendid head of luxuriant hair free from scalp itch and dandruff? Do you want hair so bewitchingly radiant, that it compels the admiration of all who see it?

Do you want a scalp as immaculately clean and bright as a newly minted coin?

If you do, get a 50 cent bottle of PAUSIAN Sage today, at dealers everywhere. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every carton and bottle—Ask for PAUSIAN Sage and see that you get it. F. W. Jordan, Jr., guarantees it. Adv.

this true regarding numbers in attendance, and this afternoon was no exception to the rule. Seats, aisles and side rooms were filled. Even the platform supported a number of new aspirants to the superintendency or the lectureship. Doubtless, a hall twice the size would have been filled. Mr. Smith requested the audience to sing a stanza of My Country 'Tis of Thee and then Let Your Light Shine. It must have been a great encouragement to the "cheer leader" to have so loyal a response and so hearty support of Mr. Koontz's orchestra.

After singing another selection, the Slumber Song, Mr. Harbold opened his discussion on the Moral Training in the Schools. Seldom do teachers fully appreciate what it means to have the little boy leave the father and mother to be under the care of, possibly, a stranger. The first stage or age of the boy is that of non-morality instead of morality. It is at this age that the boy reaches the school room where the destiny of that child is at stake.

In the school is the place for the setting of certain ideals, such as punctuality, promptness, obedience, industry, etc. The teacher who does not lay the foundation for these things, is giving the child a very poor, a dangerous start. The future depends upon these early school virtues. Upon their successful teaching depends the number of inmates in the county home, etc., or places where the state must take care of him.

In days but a generation ago the morality of the communities was not threatened as severely and constantly as today. An illustration was given by allowing his hearers to recall how at one time the country folk exchange a veal or beef when the appropriate time was at hand. Each family tried to give his neighbor the choicest selection of the newly fattened animal. This is not the case today. The fattened animals are now sent to the city where they know not who will secure. Consequently, the farmer becomes careless, and cares less in what condition such animal he when sold or killed. This reveals a new condition to be met in the morality of today. The system of morality being different today, the treatment for generation of good morals must be of a different type.

The ordinary school studies present the best opportunity for the teaching of morality. Above all, to teach morality means to live up to those figures of morality. What can it mean to have a teacher tell a little one what not to do, and do the same thing in their presence or elsewhere, is wasting time, the time it takes to tell it. A teacher's actions speak so loudly that all can hear him.

Prof. Harbold closed his address with many helpful remarks. Could it be imagined that he himself was teaching a moral lesson? To those who attentively listened to his lectures and observed his actions carefully, a touching, true, heartfelt atmosphere must have appeared enclosing him. The simplicity of speech; the unassuming character of every action; his kindness, elimination of the crude; portrayal of the good alone won many admirers of his true manhood. It is hoped Mr. Harbold may be present again and further stimulate Bedford County's teachers to higher ideals.

Several piano selections by Miss Croyle again delighted the audience. We bespeak for her a bright future. Music—Bonnie Charlie, by the institute. The Raven—Dr. Mackenzie. His introductory was somewhat variable and diversified, but revelations were at hand for those alert.

The land is rife with books. At least 2,000,000 of them are thrust before the public for selection. How absolutely impossible to touch a quarter of the number of these volumes, therefore how necessary to be educated in selection. If one desires culture, it is not necessary to find it in Paris, but in the books of this land. But which ones to buy is the question.

Just what honor may be given to the author of The Raven in the future can only be guessed at. France has translated it and asked for the honor of his reburial on her soil. England has honored him; but America has not, but may yet. There are mysteries numerous in this poem. The more we take to poetry, the more it takes to us.

Due to explained reasons, Dr. Mackenzie did not close his talk as he intended. This Kentucky gentleman tried to acclimatize himself, as it were, to a new surrounding, to a class of teachers the dispositions of whom he did not know as he knew those dearer boys of his home. It must be experienced before a boy or girl, that is even those as old as our teachers, can appreciate the loyal leadership of a college dean. With the boys and girls understanding the disposition of one who tries to lead them into pleasure and work aright, school moves on involuntarily in radiant spirit. Mr. Mackenzie is the dean of the University of Kentucky, a great school. He lives in a land where people's lives are not moulded over the Pennsylvania pattern. How could a man adopt himself to a Bedford citizenship? In the minds of those who were real students, much

of a superior training was noticeable. After the recess, Mr. Barney mounted the rostrum with a shadow of mystery about him. Very ably he presented to Superintendent V. E. P. Barkman a gold watch as the Christmas gift of the teachers who serve under him. The gift was most appropriate and it was received most appropriately by an address of thanks and assurance of good will to the teachers of the county.

Dr. Omwake—A Day at School in Ancient Rome. A description in the present tense was interestingly given, of the scenes on the forum and the daily program of the school room. The time was that of Livy, Caesar and Cicero. It is to be regretted this address could not be given verbatim. The very picture of the school was placed before the teachers.

Thursday Evening

The entertainment given Thursday evening by the Mozart Concert Company was greatly enjoyed. The members showed much talent in their respective lines.

Friday Morning

Music—Jesus Savior Pilot Me. Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. J. Mine-mier, Friend's Cove Lutheran Church. The 4th chapter of Proverbs was used as a scripture lesson. Music—You May If You Will.

The instructors, during their platform functions, repeatedly referred to Mr. Smith as the spirit of the institute, even attaching a nom de plume in token of good fellowship. Mr. Smith regards Music as the language of Emotion, and the agent of culture development. He is enthused in his work, saturated with it, and willing to impart it.

Mr. Garbrick made an announcement to the institute regarding the advantages of a summer session at State College.

Dr. Omwake began his lecture with a compliment in behalf of his new friend, Mr. Mackenzie, expressing his appreciation of association with a life so rich and a scholarship so diversified.

The Educator's Art. Teachers cannot get along without the artistic step. The one foot is art, the other science. They must move forward as we would have them step in walking. As did Michael Angelo who, to be an artist, studied the materials to be used and even dissected the human body to gain a concept of the form and science of the work he desired to engage in. There is necessity for the study of the ideal. The professional library offers ready matter for absorption, and too much of this cannot be studied. It must be assimilated, however, and enriched with original material, that the combination does well, works a change with those with whom we work.

Dr. Omwake regards the new step taken in medical examination of the pupils of the schools as a commendable step forward.

Much has been said in texts concerning The Personality of the Teacher; but to those printed, a new formula was extended—add to your faith knowledge, to knowledge patience, to patience temperance, to temperance brotherly kindness, and to kindness charity. Benjamin Franklin, who was a man of the world, followed this formula. A reference was made to the 1st Epistle of Peter.

The closing paragraph of Dr. Omwake's inspiring address was devoted to Qualifications. We should all be more anxious for fitness than for reward. To dwell upon the latter continually interferes with our success. Educating is a philanthropic process. It bears more philanthropy than the act of the liberal millionaire.

Teachers should not regard their pay in terms of wages, but in terms of salary. The former is a degrading idea. No teacher receives full payment for service rendered. Payment for all benefits received by pupils is an impossibility. Value cannot be estimated.

Dr. Omwake gave very interesting and valuable suggestions. At times his thoughts worth repetition flowed so freely, it was up to the shorthand writer to catch them all, which may have overflooded the publisher's expectations. To have the teachers catch his spirit, would suggest a visit to Ursinus College, where, if they once tarried, doubtless they would remain.

The Resolutions and Memorial Committees were made by the chairmen respectively, Mr. William Benner and Mr. L. H. Hinkle. The reports were accepted by the institute.

Bedford, Pa., Dec. 20, 1912.

We, the Committee on Resolutions of the Bedford County Teachers' As-

PILES DISAPPEAR

So Does Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Old Sores and Carbuncles.

Under the influence of San Cura Ointment surprising cures are made so quickly that they seem like miracles.

Stubborn cases of piles like those of Rev. W. F. Gilbert of Titusville, Pa., vanish before the marvelous anti-septic Ointment. Mr. Gilbert writes: "For twenty years I suffered with bleeding and itching piles; at times I was confined to the house for more than a month. Two years ago I began using San Cura Ointment and one 50c jar made a firm and permanent cure. I have not been troubled since."

San Cura Ointment is guaranteed by Ed. D. Heckerman, who is the agent in Bedford, to cure any of the above named diseases or money back. It instantly kills all pain from burns, cuts and bruises, draws out the poison and heals in a short time. 25 cents and 50 cents a jar at Ed. D. Heckerman's.

Good Baby Soap

San Cura is a healing and antiseptic soap; just the soothing kind that baby needs. It frees the pores from all impurities and prevents fevers, rashes and other infantile diseases. Best for anyone's skin, cures pimples and blackheads, cleans the complexion. 25 cents a large cake at Ed. D. Heckerman's.

Mail orders for San Cura Ointment and Soap filed by Thompson Medical Co., Titusville, Pa.

DOLLAR PACKAGE FREE

KIDNEY MEDICINE FREE

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the painful dribbling stream, or the frequent passage of urine; forehead and back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and despondency? I have a remedy for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a free dollar package of it. How to obtain this Free Dollar Package of Kidney and Bladder Medicines Free: Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2104 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a mail remedy for free. As you will see when you get it, this remedy contains only pure, harmless, medicines, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly stop its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a dollar package free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

If you think this matter over you will see that I could not afford to make this liberal offer unless I believed my medicine would cure Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Advertisement.

sociation, submit the following Resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we tender the thanks of the Association to the Board of Education and the people of Bedford for their interest, cooperation and assistance in our Annual Institute.

2. Resolved, That we tender the thanks of the Association to our County Superintendent and the instructors whom he has secured for the excellent course of instruction and the music which has been provided.

3. Resolved, That the director of vocal music be given an opportunity during each day of the Institute to give the teachers such instruction in music as may be useful to them in the teaching of music in the schools, such opportunity to be arranged by the superintendent.

4. Resolved, That the Superintendent's Annual Report be printed at the expense of the Association each year hereafter, or until such expense shall be assumed by the state or county.

5. Resolved, That if we truly want a teaching profession, we must establish the same on the basis of merit and to this end we further submit the following resolution: (a) That any person holding a provisional certificate shall receive a minimum salary of \$40 a month for the first year's teaching, \$45 a month for the second year's, and \$50 a month for each succeeding year taught while holding such certificate, the holder of such showing progress in skill in teaching and scholastic attainments each year.

(b) That any person holding a professional certificate shall receive a minimum salary of \$50 a month for the first term, \$55 a month for the second term and \$60 a month for each succeeding term taught under such certificate, the holder showing the proper spirit and progress in the art of teaching.

(c) That any person holding a county permanent or state certificate shall receive a minimum salary of \$60 a month for the first term, \$65 a month for the second term and \$75 a month for each succeeding term taught while holding such certificate, and showing sufficient advancement in the profession. Such increases of salary to be provided for out of the increased appropriation for common schools.

6. Resolved, That a copy of the preceding resolutions be presented to our representative to the General Assembly, Hon. John T. Matt, and that he be asked to present the same at the next meeting of the Assembly.

7. Resolved, That each of the auditors of the financial report of the Association be paid the sum of \$3.00 for his services in such capacity, such sum to be paid from the association treasury.

8. Resolved, That the Association, through its proper officers, endeavor to secure an assembly room in the public building to be erected in Bedford, and that a committee prepare a petition to be presented to the Post Master General requesting permanent quarters in the Public Building, and this petition to be sent to each district through its teachers.

9. Realizing the value of local institutes in the teaching profession, be it resolved that we urge upon the teachers of the county that they encourage the establishment of such in their respective districts.

10. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association, and also be sent to each of the Bedford papers for publication.

W. F. Benner, Chairman; E. W. Emery, Roy Hockenberry, George L. Wolfe, J. Willis Barney, O. S. Kagarsie, Frank R. King.

Report of Memorial Committee

We, the undersigned members of the Memorial Committee of the teachers of Bedford County, in institute assembled, do submit the following report:

Whereas, The allwise and merciful Father, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our midst our fellow teachers, Miss Edna Carns, Mrs. Myra Williams Cobler and Mrs. Margaret Davis Ford, and

Whereas, In His wise Providence He has removed from the ranks of our directors, Mr. Austin Wright, Mr. J. C. Stoler and Mr. C. U. Garland, and

Whereas, God, after many years entered the ranks of the Superintendent and claimed the life of Ex-County Superintendent James W. Hughes; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of these teachers, directors and ex-superintendent the cause of education in general has lost a valuable asset and their respective communities a distinct and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the dispensation of Providence and express our sincere grief in the loss we have sustained and hope our loss is their eternal gain.

Resolved, That in testimony of our loss we tender to the bereaved families our sincere condolence, and that

a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved families, also that they be published in our county papers.

L. H. Hinkle, Chairman; J. C. Burket, John I. Nicodemus, H. H. Deamer, E. A. Herschberger, John A. Morse, W. Scott McGee, Samuel McCabe, Ralph B. Beard, O. G. Snyder. Two auditors were elected to represent the teachers—Messrs. E. A. Herschberger and Melvin Shaffer.

Mr. Mackenzie mounted the rostrum as the last speaker of the institute. Extemporaneously, he gave very valuable, practical advice to teachers especially, and others. To restrain others, teachers must restrain themselves. Errors each one will make, and while they should be admitted, too much concern and worry must not be given, if the remainder of the day would be profitable.

The last man buried at West Minister Abbey was Lord Kelvin, the greatest physicist of the modern day and the inventor of the mariner's compass used today throughout the world.

Mr. Mackenzie recalled having heard this great man, his teacher, say that all men are but babes in the subject of Physics. Herein lies the warning, "Beware of believing you know it all." To eliminate this persistent temptation that presents itself occasionally, wise and profitable would it be to seek companions of some other vocation, musicians, ministers, physicians, etc. Such associations will help us to assert ourselves along the lines of freedom. It will help us to see that the man comes first, the teacher next; the American citizen first, the teacher follows. The gentleman, upon closing, referred impressively to the disposition of the present County Superintendent, speaking of his patience, his gentle, quiet and reasonable manner of doing things.

The lady and four gentlemen who provided the music, were gratefully remembered by the speaker. These people were regularly at their posts giving the institute their best service, and while it may be that the attention of the majority of teachers were not always attentive or appreciative, yet how much that orchestra would have been missed had it not been there for this session. The institute was bathed in rich surroundings, so much so that only after returning home, can the teachers realize what they do not have. The orchestral music in the evening just before the opening hour was especially deserving of praise.

Mr. Smith was also kindly remembered by this last speaker. It may matter little to the world what was said by Mr. Mackenzie of his comrades, but of whom he spoke, to those a word of cheer is everlasting. This man whom Mr. Omwake baptized anew, became a charming, delightful, magnetic friend whom even the Scotchman "could not keep down."

To the clergymen, engaged in the noblest of all professions, a few words of gratitude were expressed, and the institute came to a close.

A motion of adjournment was carried and the audience gradually segregated.

COLDS GO OVER NIGHT

If your head is stuffed up and you have a hard cold you can quickly get rid of the misery.

First, look after the bowels; any good cathartic will do; then breathe Booth's HYOMEI which promptly kills germ life and heals the membrane.

Breathe HYOMEI (Pronounce it High-o-me) in the daytime through the little hard rubber inhaler, and just before going to bed at night do this. Pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI into a kitchen bowl of boiling water, cover head and bowl with towel and breathe for several minutes the soothing, healing vapor that arises. This treatment is also fine for sore throat and catarrh. Complete HYOMEI outfit including inhaler, \$1.00; extra bottles if needed, 50c. F. W. Jordan, Jr., is authorized to refund your money if dissatisfied. Adv.

January, crowned with snow. Crystallized, diamonded, agleam, Deep within thy heart, we know, Dwelleth June, a far, fair dream.

Sunset hints her distant hues, Sunrise flushes rose and gold; Lovely memory reviews Spring's warm beauty, thro' the cold.

Proud or beggared, glad or meek, Nature grants this gracious boon; We must share with all who seek January's dream of June.

—Ethel Hallett Porter in January Lippincott's.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Atchison

60 Ann St., New York City.

THE SECRET TERROR The haunting fear of sickness and helplessness is the secret terror of the working man. Health is his capital. Kidney diseases sap a man's strength and vitality. They lessen his earning capacity. Foley Kidney Pills bring back health and strength by healing the disease. They are the best medicine made for kidney and bladder troubles. The genuine are in the yellow package. Refuse any substitute. Ed. D. Heckerman. Advertisment.

Football in 1912

A full editorial review of the past season in football will be found in the January Outing. The choices made therein are not a statement of arbitrary personal opinion but are based upon the judgment of the leading football coaches in all sections of the country.

Advertisment.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Bitters. At all drug stores. Price, \$1.00. Adv.

IF YOU NEED A MEDICINE, YOU SHOULD HAVE THE BEST

Although there are hundreds of preparations advertised, there is only one that really stands out pre-eminent as a remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest, for the reason that it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a physician's prescription for special diseases, which is not recommended for everything.

A Sworn Certificate of Purity is with every bottle.

For sale at all drug stores, in bottles of two sizes—fifty-cents and one-dollar.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE BY MAIL

In order to prove what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy will do for you, every reader of the Bedford Gazette who has not already tried it, may receive a sample bottle by mail absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Write today. Dec. 20-4t. Adv.

Corporation Returns for 1912

Collector H. L. Hershey of the Ninth Internal Revenue District of Pennsylvania has mailed to each corporation in his district two blank forms on which the returns of annual net income for 1912 shall be made. One form is to be prepared, executed by the President and Treasurer, and returned to the Collector at Lancaster, after January 1, 1913, but not later than March 1, 1913. The other form is to be prepared and returned by the corporation for reference.

Should any corporation fail to receive their blanks by January 1, 1913, they should at once notify the collector. The penalty for failure to make a return by March 1, 1913, is fixed by law at from \$1,000 to \$10,000. A return is required from every corporation that is in existence, regardless of whether a profit has been made or a loss sustained. Corporations who have surrendered their charters should furnish the collector with a certificate of the Auditor-General of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, to that effect. There are about 4,500 corporations in this district.

THE BUSY WOMAN'S DAY

It begins early, ends late, and is full of work. She often has kidney trouble without knowing it. Her back aches, and she is tired and worn out. Sleeps poorly, is nervous, no appetite. Her bladder gives her trouble too. Foley Kidney Pills will cure all that and make her strong and well. They are the best medicine made for kidney and bladder disorders. E. D. Heckerman. Adv.

A Bargain to Quick Buyer

Farm containing 210 acres. Elegant dwelling and out buildings; good bank barn; 3 springs of never-failing water; 65 to 70 acres bottom land. Situate along Railroad, near Buffalo Mills, Pa., Harrison township. Ill health cause for selling.

Several other good farms for sale.

House for rent.

For Sale—Second-Hand Saw Mill; 25 horse power; 3 saws. Owner leaving this section of country.

TATE & CESSNA

Real Estate Agents Room 7, Ridenour Block BEDFORD, PENNA.

Your Lungs and Throat.

The preparation mentioned by the Rev. Chas. Sager has been for over sixty years of incalculable worth to sufferers from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, grippe, coughs, colds and all lung and throat diseases, and is a household remedy in many, many homes to which it has brought health and happiness.

60 Ann St., New York City. August 11, 1905.

Dear Sir: I have known for over 40 years of the effects of Wilson's Remedy (Wilson's Preparation of Hypophosphites and Biotin) in cases of pulmonary troubles. At the point I will say to you what you have not before known of; that 40 years since, while I was a resident of N. Y. City, I was severely ill with lung trouble. Physicians said I was a consumptive and my family physician told me that he thought I could not recover. My attention was directed to the Wilson Remedy, which I used with splendid effect. I have been on my feet and at work ever since my cure. Yours truly, REV. CHAS. SAGER.

Pastor M. E. Church, Hunter, (Greene Co.,) N. Y.

The above letter shows what a great boon the Wilson Remedy was to Mr. Sager, but it is but one of thousands received testifying to the curative powers of this wonderful remedy. Write at once to Mr. Abbott at the above address and he will furnish you convincing proof of the great worth to humanity of this preparation.

Advertisment.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for disease. For pure

THE CRUISE OF THE DAWN

It Resulted Differently From What Might Have Been Expected.

By HAROLD WINSTON

I am the son of a fisherman and was brought up on salt water. I loved it, but was ambitious to break away from so simple a life and make something of myself, if not better, at least more prominent. I was twenty-one when, with \$100 in my pocket that I had saved, I went to New York for the purpose of finding a position.

Positions are not to be had in a moment in the metropolis, and the best I could do was to enter my name at the bottom of a list awaiting vacancies. My money was being used up, though I had some resources, and I became discouraged. Every morning I bought a newspaper and looked over the advertisements to see if a young man of my description was wanted. I finally saw one that met my case, but not for business. It was an advertisement for a skipper for a yacht.

I had seen enough of the crowds of a big city. The continual whirl sickened me. The display of wealth side by side with abject misery made me long again for the water, upon which there are no streets, no alleys, no dirt. True, the vehicles on the ocean differ in degree as those on the land. I had been used to nothing better than a fishing boat and was fascinated at the idea of sailing a yacht.

I answered the advertisement, but with no more hope of getting the position than I had of securing any of the clerkships for which I had applied. But I had an advantage in knowing how to sail a boat, while I was entirely ignorant of business. A few days after I mailed my letter I received an invitation to call at a dwelling in the upper part of the city.

I was received by a woman about thirty-five years old. She repelled me from the moment I met her, looking at me critically, as if sizing me up for something besides my marine qualifications. She asked me to state them, however, and I did so. When I told her I had been born and brought up near Bath, Me., I noticed that she pricked up her ears, and when I added that I knew the coast thereabout from Portland to Mount Desert I saw that I had affected her favorably.

She told me that her uncle, with whom she lived and of whom she had the care, was a very old man and an invalid. He had been failing lately, and his physician had advised his getting out into the open. A yacht had been purchased with a view to taking him on a cruise along the New England coast. It was rather late in the season for yachting and she asked me how long it would be safe and comfortable to remain on the water. I replied that if the vessel was not too small and was capable of being heated it might remain in commission till the first of November. After an interview lasting nearly an hour, during which she surprised me by the large salary she would pay—\$250 a month—she dismissed me, saying that when she had decided among those who had applied she would let me know.

One morning when I had about given the matter up I received a note from the lady advising my of my appointment and directing me to get together a crew. I got busy at once, visited the yacht, saw that she needed six men and engaged them. Miss Hurlbert—the lady who engaged me—procured the servants.

We sailed on the day when tourists were returning from their outings—the first of September—and I was directed to coast eastward. The only persons aboard were Miss Hurlbert, Mr. Townsend, the invalid, and the crew and servants. After rounding Nantucket I was directed to steer for Portland, where, on arrival, we put into the harbor and I was directed to go ashore for mail. I brought one letter addressed to Miss Hurlbert which she tore open at once, and its contents affected her perceptibly. She asked me to go down into the cabin with her where there was no one but ourselves—Mr. Townsend kept his stateroom—and when we were alone she said:

"Captain, are you a fighter?" Surprised, I replied by inquiring what she asked such a question. Whereupon she told me that her uncle was engaged in a lawsuit in which a fortune was involved. All his property, except his real estate, had been turned into jewels, which were aboard the yacht. The move had been advised by his attorneys on the ground that possession is nine points in the law. She had received a warning from one in her interest that the plaintiff in the suit, a great rascal and a very determined man, had got wind of Mr. Townsend's—or rather Miss Hurlbert's—method of procedure and had fitted out a yacht to follow and take the property by force. Could she depend upon me in the matter?

The affair was not to my liking and I gave her no immediate reply. She followed up the question by offering me \$5,000 for myself and a thousand dollars for each one of the crew in case her expedition were successful, to be paid whether there was fighting to be done or if the scheme could be handled peacefully. I consulted the crew and they agreed that if I thought the matter involved no rascality they would go in under my command. The deal was made with this proviso.

The contract was no sooner made than Miss Hurlbert gave me a roll of bills and directed me to go ashore and buy arms and ammunition. I bought a cutlass, a repeating rifle and a revolver for each of the crew, including myself, and was fortunate enough to pick up a couple of little two pounder barkers, with ammunition for all. Miss Hurlbert was well pleased when she saw the barkers.

When all was completed Miss Hurlbert directed me to weigh anchor and lose ourselves among the many islands that line the coast of Maine. Since there are several hundred of these in Casco bay alone, embracing but a small fraction of the coast, it seemed to me a very good hiding place.

I now saw the principal reason why I had been engaged. It had been Miss Hurlbert's intention from the first to disappear with the valuables among these islands so effectually that, through her attorney, she might make such terms as she desired with the plaintiff in the suit. She had not counted on being followed, but when she found that she would be, being a woman of great determination, she had the nerve to prepare for defense. She flattered me and every member of the crew, treating us all as her equals and constantly sending to the foremast the delicacies from the cabin mess. As for me, she insisted that I should eat at her table, since she would otherwise be obliged to eat alone.

We spent the first two weeks sailing no farther east than Bath that Miss Hurlbert might occasionally run into Portland for letters, but at the end of that time she told me she had been advised that the plaintiff had left Boston, bound east, and she directed me to move on. I asked her if our pursuers had made preparations to fight, and she said she didn't know; she hoped that we should avoid them till the 5th of November had passed. But why she placed stress upon this date she did not tell me.

We heard of a yacht called the Spray, which we suspected to be the one looking for us. Ours was the Dawn. Nearly all yachts but the two had gone out of commission, for by this time it was the 28th of October. On that date we were concealed in a cove in Penobscot bay under trees hanging from a cliff. Had we remained there we would have avoided a meeting with our antagonists. They had tracked us and had sailed past our hiding place when we were pulling out. As soon as we did so she turned about and came for us before the wind.

This was in the morning, and two hours after noon she had outsailed us and was within half a mile of us in open water. Miss Hurlbert came up to me and with a devilish look as I ever saw on any woman's face asked me if I was ready to keep my contract with her. I wished I was out of it, for I had never felt much faith in the justice of her cause, and I feared to be mixed and mix my crew in a violation of the laws. However, I told her that I would stand by her.

"Well, then," she said, "go about and while doing so give her a broadside from the barkers."

I raised a glass to examine our enemy and was astonished to see on the after deck a woman, who appeared to be giving orders like the captain of a battleship. The peculiarity of the situation amazed me. Here were I and my crew serving under a woman while another was in command of our enemy, and we at least about to engage in an illegal altercation. Nevertheless I obeyed orders, sent a couple of men below to work the guns, and while turning the yacht's nose before the Spray the port gun was fired, and as we swung round the starboard gun followed suit. Neither shot took effect.

Our enemy paid no attention to our messengers, standing right for us. "To your rifles, men!" shouted Miss Hurlbert.

The men obeyed, though reluctantly, while I stood by, wondering what would happen next. Six rifles were resting on the gunwale of the Dawn, while the Spray was advancing head on. A man stood on the latter yacht's bow holding a paper in one hand and a megaphone in the other. Raising the megaphone he bellowed:

"You, on that yacht! You're wanted! I'm the sheriff of—county, Maine!" And holding up the paper he read through the megaphone a warrant for the arrest of Matilda Hurlbert.

That ended the matter for me. I did not propose to resist an arrest, though not knowing whether the warrant and the sheriff were genuine.

"Fire!" cried Miss Hurlbert to the men.

They looked at me for instructions, and I told them to lower their rifles. The look our employer gave me was something frightful.

"There seem to be but a few persons aboard of her," I said "and we are seven men, well armed. Let us have a parley."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that Miss Hurlbert was no relation to Mr. Townsend, but a nurse who had got control of him and was trying to get him away where she could marry him. His only child, a daughter, was aware of her object and had been endeavoring to thwart her. Miss Hurlbert had been deceiving me as to her playing a legal game. She was simply trying to get her charge into a position where she could tie him up in wedlock. She dare not go ashore for the purpose, for the police in every port had been given orders by Miss Townsend to arrest her if she appeared. She dare not bring a minister aboard, for this would give her design away to me and her crew.

I proved that I and her crew were not aware of her real scheme, and we escaped prosecution. Miss Hurlbert was sent to prison for abduction. Miss Townsend was so happy at her success that she paid us what her enemy had promised us.

Why cough? Stop it!

Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a medicine for coughs and colds, a regular doctor's medicine. Sold for seventy years. Use it! Ask your doctor if this is not good advice.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. Made by J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

BEDFORD COUNTIES

On Another Sightseeing Trip Through California.

Upland, Cal., Dec. 17, 1912. Next day after taking the "Old Mission Trolley Trip," our crowd of eight Pennsylvanians took the famous Triangle Trolley Trip. This is another trip of one hundred miles, from the great Pacific Electric Station at Los Angeles past the immense railway shops, speeding southeast through the dairy lands and agricultural districts toward Santa Ana. On this trip we visited ten beaches, seven cities and went thirty miles along the seashore.

After speeding along for several miles, we could see the walnut groves of Whittier County, stretching away to the north, and the oil fields of the Olinde District, one of the greatest sources of crude oil in California.

As we passed through this dairy and agricultural country, we saw many chicken ranches, apiaries, dairy farms with large herds of cattle.

Some of the ranchmen were mowing and making alfalfa hay; some were plowing with gang plows using six horses in one plow. This section of country is irrigated principally by artesian wells.

Our next stop was at the city of Santa Ana—a city of parks, beautiful drives and beautiful homes. It has a population of 11,000 and is one of the principal cities surrounding Los Angeles. While at this place we went through the Chamber of Commerce and visited several other places of interest; saw one of the famous Redwood trees of California which grows to an enormous size. Here we saw men loading strawberries on the cars, which seemed out of the ordinary at this time of year.

From this place we went direct west toward the Pacific Ocean. On this part of the trip we went through the midst of the great sugar beet and celery lands of the south, passing two large sugar factories.

We arrived at the ocean at Huntington Beach, which is called the "Encampment City," one of the most popular recreation resorts of Southern California. This place is owned principally by one man and is named after its owner, Mr. Huntington, who has a private residence at Pasadena costing \$3,000,000.

From this place we went north along the coast for 30 miles, the next stop being at Long Beach, where we stayed two hours, long enough to get our dinners and take in a few more sights at this famous watering place. We were in the Carnegie Library building and saw the skeleton of a whale which was 63 feet long.

As we went north from Long Beach to San Pedro, we passed over a bridge one mile long; passed through the town of Wilmington in which all the buildings had been raised up seven feet by the Federal Government. This was done in order to raise the buildings above tide water. The Government some years ago dredged the harbor at San Pedro and in order to get a place to put their ground filled up this entire town to the height above mentioned. This work was completed eight years ago.

From here we went to Point Fermin, which is a high, rocky cliff right at the ocean, where the large ocean waves dash up against it. On top of this cliff is located the government lighthouse. To the south from this place is the immense government breakwater which is two and one-fourth miles in length. It is composed of a solid stone wall built up from the bottom of the ocean. There is also a lighthouse built out on the end of this structure. This breakwater was built at a cost of more than three million dollars.

From here the car went toward Los Angeles passing the Aviation Field and its colossal grandstand from which thousands of people have seen the world's greatest bird-men break all records. We arrived at Los Angeles at 5 o'clock.

The business men of Los Angeles

have large touring automobiles in which they haul tourists around through the city, free of charge, showing them the city, especially the residence part of it, and as we were tourists, we took the advantage of this trip. These cars have seating capacity for 24 passengers. A guide was along who weighed 290 pounds. He said he was from the State of Texas, the largest state in the union, where they grow big people. He was not a lusty man. We started out through the business part of the city, then went through a portion of the residence part, and as there are several millionaires living in the western part of the city, we saw some beautiful homes. We passed through West Lake Park and a palm drive which had a row of palm trees thirty feet high on either side of the street. In our estimation a part of the city of Los Angeles equals or surpasses the city of Pasadena.

We have been a very busy set of people for the last two weeks. Our son, L. R. Kagarise, sold his grocery store and exchanged his property in Pomona for an orange and lemon ranch ten miles east of Pomona near Upland, where he moved on Thursday, December 5, and, as the following Monday was the last day they would receive oranges at the packing house at Cucamonga before shipping to the eastern markets for the holiday trade, he had to get busy at once, so hired five Japs and in seven hours they had one hundred and twenty-one boxes of oranges ready for the packing house, which we hauled in the next day.

We have been picking lemons the last four days; expect to finish this month's picking tomorrow.

Since living here we have made garden, planted cabbage, onions, radishes, lettuce, turnips, beets and Swiss Chard.

This ranch is located along Eighth Street leading from Upland to Cucamonga packing houses. The Santa Fe Railroad passes about one hundred yards from the front of the house and the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake Railroads about two miles south.

N. S. Kagarise.

ACT QUICKLY

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Bedford.

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in time of danger.

In time of kidney danger Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective. Plenty of evidence of their worth. Mrs. D. F. Bartholow, Water St., Hyndman, Pa., says: "It was several years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills but I have not forgotten what this remedy did for me. I was in poor health for some time and suffered greatly from pains in my back and sides. I had chills and was often dizzy. Reading a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply and began their use. They brought me prompt relief and as I continued taking them, I steadily improved. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many other people and I have never known of a case where they have failed to prove of benefit." (Statement given October 12, 1907.)

A Permanent Cure. Mrs. Bartholow was interviewed several years later and she said: "Doan's Kidney Pills effected a complete and permanent cure in my case and I have had no need of a kidney medicine during the past two years. I willingly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills, as I know that they are deserving of all the praise given them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. Dec. 20-21. Advertisement.

The Ladies' World

The Ladies' World for January opens with a striking confession by A Woman of Forty as to why she did not marry either of the two men to whom she had been, at different times, engaged. In each case it was because she felt the man was more absorbed in his own affairs than in her. An unusually strong story is one by Viola Burhans, called The Hundredth Woman; and of a different character, but equally interesting, is How the Outcast Made Good, by Emmet Mixx. A Daughter of the Sun, and The Christmas Kiss, carried over from the preceding number, leave the reader in a very contented state of mind, while the "happenings" to the fascinating Mary on the steamship Minnehaha keep one's emotions at the breaking point. There is also a novel prize contest in connection with one of the new plays that is sure to arouse the enthusiasm of the readers, besides possibly aiding their pocketbooks. The departments, as usual in this magazine, are full of excellent material, and the lover of good needlework, the dressmaker who seeks the latest fashion hints, the housewife looking for both good counsel and good recipes, and the mother and children will all find something to interest them. [New York; Fifty Cents a Year.]

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

They Always Help Elderly People. Foley Kidney Pills give just the help elderly people need to tone and strengthen their kidneys and bladder and regulate their action. John McMaisters, Streator, Ill., says: "I feel better and stronger than I have for many years, and Foley Kidney Pills did it." Ed. D. Heckerman. Advertisement.

A FUNNY EPITAPH.

Beneath this tombstone lies a man Not blown up by a powder can; Nor did foul Black Hand this man smite With dread, death dealing dynamite.

This man sold awful rots and spots That fill up cemetery lots. His sponge cake, too, he made of rots That smell unlike forgetmenots.

But as each dog must have his day So dissolution came his way; But, much unlike the average man, He died on the installment plan.

One day the knave—oh, the sly dog!—Decided to treat friends to nog. To make it he took up a rot. When it exploded like hot shot.

That started a whole case of eggs, And the first two shot off his legs. His arms, his nose, his head, flew too, Until there wasn't left a clew.

Where is he? Friend, investigate. Just monkey with a rot egg crate. You'll blow to kindling like a shot And light the area where it's hot.

C. M. BARNITZ.

THE POULTRY DOCTOR SAYS—

A small leak in the roof that lets water fall on droppings or a big splash on the floor while pigeons are taking their bath is often the start of a big epidemic of pox and canker that cleans up the coop.

A tiny knothole back of the roost that makes a draft through the window often causes the wind to whistle through a rooster's whiskers and makes him a target for roup microbes, and the rooster undertaker gets busy.

A little red mite that is allowed to go to raising numerous families behind that old style stationary nest soon begets a million, and these so rob the hens of blood that they cannot lay and prepares them for the tuberculosis germ to finish. A small quantity of strong disinfectant, placed in a drinking vessel because one fowl is sick, often makes a whole flock knock off laying and so upsets their digestion that they get clear off their feed and have to be doctored to get back.

A little bit of mold on each grain of corn will make a great big bit when a lot of that corn comes together in a hen's crop, and that mold will play holi with that hen's intricate intestinal works and will teach her owner humane methods unless John Bughouse is on the job.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Last year the country's egg production reached nearly 16,000,000,000, and New York city is said to have used 1,274,000,000 of these. New York stands ninth in egg production, but is far ahead on nog.

When Harry Ziegler, near Sunbury, Pa., entered his henhouse he found all his chickens dead and stretched beside them seven dead weasels. The weasels killed all the hens, and then took a drink of poisoned water that had been screened off. This little sausage shaped fiend can squeeze through an inch mesh.

As fowls grow old their tendency is to make fat of feed rather than eggs or meat. That is why you seldom see hens over two years old on paying plants.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is waging war against squab raisers who ship live squabs to market less than six weeks old. They claim many squabs starve to death in transit and should not be shipped under six weeks of age. Several Pennsylvania breeders have been arrested and fined.

Eggs bought in open market for preserving often spoil because of various ages and because they are good, bad and indifferent. They nearly always contain baymow and hogpen eggs.

A woman in Connecticut who had a fancy for dogs, and kept only 300 of them, when complaint was made against her, retaliated by disposing of the dogs and starting a goose farm with 200 old gander hens. The kitchen neighbors declare these beat the ki is a boiler factory and then some.

If little turkeys are free from lice and fed lots of protein they will not drug their wings and wilt in the heat. Pulling the light feathers is unnecessary and cruel.

When a York (the) chicken thief stole seven fat hens he left his umbrella in the coop, and by a peculiar ornament on the handle it was at once traced to him and he was sent to jail.

A farmer does not put up a very good advertisement when he feeds chickens in market, has corn in their crate and sells fowls with packed crops. It's against the law to sell fowls with full crops in some states and against good business policy anywhere to do it.

The Illinois experiment station now devotes twenty acres to poultry and has recently finished a new poultry house 120 by 20. The states are gradually falling into line, but it takes a long time for some of them to know a good thing when they see it.

Automobile drivers kill thousands of chickens on the country roads and many seem to delight in it. A chauffeur told us that he killed seven dogs, twenty-two chickens and sent a woman to the hospital, all in one summer.

Where water drops from the eaves into a yard where ducks are confined the quacks quickly get busy with their scoop shovels and dig about the foundation and often spoil the wall. Water on roof and land should run away from the poultry yard and not into it.

It is not simply necessary that a man know chickens to succeed. He must be a business manager to dispose of eggs and poultry to the best advantage and also a good buyer to get his feed right. If he has sufficient land to raise his grain he must know how to farm it. Yes, it takes brain, brawn and boodle and then some.

C. M. Barnitz.

WAVERLY
for highest quality in GASOLINES (power without carbon) Family Favorite Oil "the clear, bright flame" LUBRICANTS for all purposes Free—320 page book—all about oil Waverly Oil Works Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

5 DROPS
THE BEST REMEDY For all forms of RHEUMATISM Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Catarrh and Asthma "5-DROPS" STOP THE PAIN Gives Quick Relief It stops the aches and pains, relieves swollen joints and unsoles—acts almost like magic. Destroys the excess uric acid and is quick, safe and sure in its results. No other remedy like it. Sample free on request. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS One Dollar per bottle, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price if not obtainable in your locality. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 168 Lake Street Chicago.

SWANSON PILLS
Best Remedy for Constipation, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bloating and Liver Troubles. 25¢ Per Box at Druggists. THE GENTLE LAXATIVE. SKIN SORES ECZEMA, ACNE, PILES, PIMPLES, SCALDS, BURNS, WOUNDS, SALT, RHEUM, RING WORMS, Etc., quickly healed by using the "5-DROPS" SALVE 25¢ Per Box at Druggists. QUICKLY HEALED

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"WRITTEN SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT" A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may begin reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever. 250 PAGES EACH MONTH 300 PICTURES 200 ARTICLES OF GENERAL INTEREST The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc. "Amateur Mechanics" (10 pages) tells how to make motor furniture, wireless sets, boats, engines, magic, and all the things a boy loves. \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS Ask your newsdealer, or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY TODAY. POPULAR MECHANICS CO. 318 W. Washington St., CHICAGO.

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J. ROY CESSNA,
He's the Insurance Man, Ridenour Block BEDFORD, - - PA.

Bedford Planing Mill Co.
LUMBER, Slate, Brick, Shingles, Planing Mill Work of every description. A. G. STEINER, Supt.

"Doan's Ointment cured me of eczema that had annoyed me for a long time. The result was lasting"—Hon. S. W. Matthews, Commissioner Labor Statistics, Augusta, Me. Adv.

Bedford Gazette

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

S. A. VAN ORMER,
Editor and Publisher.

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$1.50, payable in advance. Card of Thanks, 50c; Resolutions, \$1.00.

All communications should be addressed to

Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 27, 1912.

EGG-LAYING CONTEST

Bedford Poultryman Has Pen of White Leghorns Entered.

The second Philadelphia North American International Egg-Laying Competition is now being held upon the grounds of the Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn., under the joint auspices of the above named paper and the Connecticut Agricultural College.

The competition began November 1, 1912, and will extend over a period of one year from that date. The entries are limited to 100 pens, and each entry consists of six pure bred females, either hens or pullets, no males, being included. Five layers constitute a competing pen, the extra female being held as a substitute in case of the death or incurable malady of any member of the pen. No further substitution is permitted and all specimens sent must be full-sized, healthy and vigorous. An entrance fee of \$25 is required for each entry.

The birds are all housed, fed and cared for alike and this with the record keeping is in charge of the officials of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, a government institution.

All the birds are trap-nested and the competition is decided by the total number of marketable eggs laid by each pen.

Entries are received from all parts of the world and in this contest birds are entered from England, Canada, and many sections of the United States, some coming from as far west as California and Idaho.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that one of the pens in this contest was obliged to be packed over the mountains on horse-back for seven miles to the stage coach line and then nearly fifty miles to the nearest train. The enterprising woman from Idaho who sends this pen of White Wyandottes is so far out of the world that she has never seen but one pure bred flock besides her own.

Among the entries in this second contest is a pen of White Leghorn pullets, entered by Joseph J. Barclay of this place. We are pleased to note that thus far they have been making a creditable showing at present ranking fourteenth among the hundred pens.

An English pen of White Leghorns have led from the start and have been doing wonderful work.

In the first contest which was held last year the winning pen of White Leghorns laid 1,071 eggs, or about 24 eggs per bird, the average being in the United States is supposed to be about 85 eggs per year.

The best individual layer was a Rhode Island Red, laying 254 eggs. Out of nearly five hundred females in the contest about fifty laid over 200 eggs each, showing to what extent some poultrymen have developed the laying qualities of their stock. It was also found that more depends upon the strain or breeding of a variety as to the number of eggs it will produce, than upon the variety itself.

The second commutation includes every feature that has helped to make the first competition so successful, both from the view point of the poultrymen who entered their layers and also the reading purchasing public, requiring the offspring of pedigreed layers.

It must be apparent to all interested in chickens that profit arises from good layers and that every enterprising egg producer realizes the necessity of having his strain certified by disinterested parties who are responsible to the fullest extent, it being equally important for the purchasing public that having selected the breed they prefer, to get the strain into which has been bred the tendency to lay

Hickes-Bowser

On Sunday, December 22, at the Sixth Methodist parsonage, Thomas J. Hickes and Miss Alda M. Bowser, of Saxton, were married by Rev. George Leidy.

Ramsey-Spargo

Sunday evening, December 22, at the Church of God parsonage, Saxton, Rev. F. W. McGuire officiated. Marriage Howard Leroy Ramsey and Clara Howard LeRoy.

EVENTS IN 1912

Complete Record From January to December.

HISTORY DAY BY DAY.

Notable Occurrences Throughout the World.

NAMES ON THE DEATH ROLL

The Turkish-Italian and Turkish-Balkan Wars—Items of Miscellaneous Interests, Accidents, Fires, Wrecks and Floods—Games and Races—A Chronological Review.

JANUARY.

1. Political: Dr. Sun Yat Sen took the oath as provisional president of China at Nanking.
2. Sporting: Kolehmainen of Finland won Marathon and championship of the world at Edinburgh, time, 2 hours 32 minutes 57 seconds. Barney Reilly broke the record of the Stoughton side (ski) at Milwaukee with a 137-foot jump.
3. Obituary: Alfred Tennyson, Dickens, son of the novelist, in New York; aged 67.
4. Personal: Cavalieri, the opera star, divorced from R. W. Chanler.
5. Obituary: Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., retired, in Washington, aged 68.
6. Obituary: Capt. J. C. Jorgensen, rifle inventor, in Washington; aged 60.
7. Fire in the business section of Columbia, S. C.; loss about \$400,000.
8. Storm: A blizzard raged in the Mississippi valley from Kansas to the lakes; 11 persons killed.
9. Political: New Mexico proclaimed a state in the Union.
10. Obituary: L. G. Gottschalk, noted old time opera singer, in Chicago; aged 66.
11. Fire: The Equitable Life Assurance building burned in New York; 5 persons killed, 13 injured.
12. Shipwreck: The Russian steamer, Russ, foundered in the Black sea; 172 lives lost.
13. Aviation: The French aviator Jules Verducci beat the world's speed record in flying 88 1/2 miles in 1 hour at Pau.
14. Fire: Loss of \$300,000 in Birmingham.
15. Obituary: Henry Labouchere, editor of London "Truth," in Florence, Italy; aged 81.
16. Cuba: The United States government warned Cuba that political disturbance on the island must cease.
17. Convention: The United Mine Workers of America met in annual convention at Indianapolis.
18. Shipwreck: The British steamship Wiston Hall wrecked off the coast of Aberdeen; 58 seamen drowned.
19. Storm: England; blizzard, bound, traffic tied up and telegraph lines wrecked.
20. Personal: Charles W. Morse, the banker, freed from Atlanta penitentiary on a pardon by the president.
21. Mining Accident: 15 miners killed and 40 injured by dust explosion at Kemmerer, Wyo.
22. Aviation Disaster: Rutherford Page of New York killed in a Curtiss biplane at Los Angeles, the first fatality in the United States; aged 19.
23. Railroad Accident: In a wreck on the Illinois Central at Elmhurst, Ill., the former president of the road, J. T. Harahan, was killed; also F. O. Melcher, second vice president of the Rock Island, and E. B. Pierce, general solicitor of the same system.
24. Aviation: Dr. G. G. Ulrich, with a passenger, crashed the plane at Elmhurst and 38 minutes at Johnstown, Germany, a world's endurance record.
25. Sporting: George Bonhag, 22, 5,000 meters in 15 minutes 45 seconds in New York, a world's record. Pat Macdonald held an 18 pound shot 14 feet 3 1/2 inches in New York, a world's record.
26. Athletics: The world's record in 200 yards hurdle race in New York; time, 4 seconds.
27. Obituary: Judge William Lochner, noted jurist, former commissioner of pensions, in Minneapolis, Minn.; aged 73.
28. Fire: The Academy of Music and grand buildings destroyed in Pittsburgh; loss, \$300,000.

FEBRUARY.

1. Shipwreck: The British submarine torpedo boat A-3 sunk in collision with the liner, the ship off the Isle of Wight; crew of 14 drowned.
2. The Maine Wreck: The hull of the battleship Maine was floated at Havana.
3. Fire: \$1,500,000 factory blaze in Philadelphia.
4. Obituary: General J. B. Wheeler, who was candidate for president in 1880 and again in 1892, at Des Moines, aged 79.
5. Fire: Hotel Duquesne burned at Lansing, Mich.; loss \$400,000.
6. Sporting: Willie Hoppe retained his title of world's champion at 18 1/2 ball line billiards by defeating George Sutton 2-0 in 230 in New York.
7. Obituary: Abbot Charles Lysan, famous French preacher known as Pere Hyacinthe at Paris; aged 85.
8. Sporting: The world's record of 6 feet 3 1/2 inches for indoor high jump beaten by S. C. Lawrence, who leaped 6 feet 4 1/2 inches at Boston.
9. Obituary: Louis Heflin, encyclopedist and writer in New York city; aged 61.
10. China: The Manchurian dynasty abdicated the throne of China by an edict vesting the sovereignty in the people.
11. Dynamiting: 41 officials and ex-officials of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers arrested in various parts of the country charged with complicity in a dynamite conspiracy.
12. Political: Arizona proclaimed a state of the Union.
13. Railroad Accident: The Chicago Limited wrecked when running a mile a minute at Warrior's Ridge, Pa.; 7 killed and 71 injured.
14. China: Yuan Shih Kai elected president of the Chinese republic by the national assembly.
15. Obituary: Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, author and one of the founders of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in New York city; aged 82.
16. Obituary: Count von Aehrenthal, premier of Austria-Hungary, at Vienna, aged 68.
17. Fire in the business district of Bloomfield, Mo.; loss \$225,000.
18. Storm: 20 lives lost in a windstorm which swept over Louisiana and Mississippi.
19. Alpine Tunnel: Jungfrau railroad tunnel in the Alps pierced at an altitude

of 13,000 feet, where a station is located.

Storm: The middle west struck by a blizzard, which in some places was the worst in many years.

Fire: In the business and residence section of Houston, Tex.; loss \$5,500,000 and 2,000 people homeless.

2. Windstorm: The Atlantic coast struck by a wind traveling at the rate of over 90 miles an hour and often over 100 miles.

Sporting: Kilbane defeated Attell in a 20 round contest for the world's featherweight championship at Los Angeles.

3. Italian War: The Italian parliament voted to annex Tripoli.

4. Political: Roosevelt formally announced that he would accept the Republican nomination if offered him.

5. Storm: A tornado swept over Texas, Kansas, Mississippi and Missouri, causing heavy loss of life and property.

6. Mexico: Juarez, Mexico, captured by insurgents against Madero's government.

MARCH.

1. War in Tripoli: Italian war department announced that the loss from Italian troops in the war with Turkey was 80.
- English Coal Strike: Strike of 1,000,000 British miners in a dispute over wages.
- Obituary: Annie Yeatman, well known actress, in New York city; aged 76.
- Personal: Marconi, pioneer of wireless telegraphy, made a life member of the Italian senate.
- South Pole Search: Amundsen, the explorer, announced that he reached the south pole on Dec. 17, 1911.
- China: Yuan Shih Kai inaugurated provisional president of China.
- Lawrence Strike: End of the strike of mill operatives at Lawrence, Mass., which began Jan. 11, 1912.
- Obituary: Henry Bacon, noted American artist, at Cairo, Egypt; aged 53.
- Shipwreck: American sailing schooner "Patrician" wrecked off Cape Sable; captain and 3 of the crew drowned.
- Storm: The South Atlantic coast states swept by a hurricane; many deaths, traffic paralyzed.
- Shipwreck: 10 lives lost by the sinking of the liner "Albatross" after collision in the English channel.
- The Maine Wreck: The hull of the battleship Maine was sunk with imposing ceremonies off the coast of Cuba.
- Obituary: Rear Admiral G. W. Melville, noted naval veteran of the civil war and later an explorer, at Philadelphia; aged 72.
- Sporting: Arthur Postle, famous professional runner, made a 200 yard dash in 14 1/2 seconds and a 150 yard dash in 13 seconds at Auckland, New Zealand; both are world's records.
- Personal: Judge Mahlon Pitney of New Jersey was installed as associate justice of the United States supreme court.
- Aerial Warfare: An Italian army aeroplane dropped bombs into a Turkish camp in Tripoli, killing 10 Arabs.
- Explosion: A mysterious explosion killed 32 men at San Antonio, Tex.
- Celebration: The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences celebrated its centenary.
- Mining Accidents: 9 miners killed by explosion at Dunmore, near Scranton, Pa. Explosion wrecked the San Bois mines at McCurtain, Okla., burying over 100 miners.
- Explosion: Juarez, Mexico, between government troops and 1,800 insurgents, who were routed.
- Obituary: Gen. H. H. Bingham, member of congress, known as the "father of the house," at Philadelphia; aged 71.
- Mexico: Insurgents repulsed an attack by regular troops at Tampico.
- Juarez: Chicago meat packers declared not guilty of violating the anti-trust law.
- Mining Accident: 82 miners killed by an explosion at Jeddah, W. Va.
- Riot: During a political riot at Rock Island the police fired on the crowd, killing 14 citizens and wounding 25.
- Convention: The American Academy of Political and Social Science met in Philadelphia.
- Fire: Young's pier, noted resort at Atlantic City, burned; loss \$500,000.
- Obituary: Senator Robert Love Taylor of Tennessee, a veteran in national politics, known as "Fiddling Bob," in Washington; aged 61.

APRIL.

1. Sporting: Oxford won the annual race with Cambridge on the Thames; time, 14 1/2 minutes, 21 minutes 30 seconds.
2. Athletics: Michigan elected a fusion ticket over a coalition, 12,000 majority.
3. Aviation Disaster: Calbraith Rodgers, aviator, who flew from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 1911, killed in a flight at Long Beach, Cal.
4. Obituary: Dr. L. K. Fung, author and lecturer on Chinese medicine, at New York; aged 72.
5. Shipwreck: English miners' conference abandoned their coal strike.
6. Flood: 2,000 square miles inundated by a flood in the Mississippi; damage estimated \$10,000,000; 40,000 homeless.
- Obituary: Emily Rodden, vocalist, actress, journalist and novelist, who introduced Gilbert Sullivan's operas in America in London.
8. Titanic: The White Star liner Titanic, largest passenger steamer afloat, sailed from Southampton on her maiden voyage for New York.
9. Sporting: Major league baseball season opened.
10. Obituary: Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross society, at Glen Echo, Md., aged 90.
11. Personal: Dent Grant, son of the late Gen. U. S. Grant, in New York city; aged 62.
12. Political: The state department warned the Mexicans that their country would be held responsible for the protection of Americans in London.
13. Titanic Wreck: The White Star liner Titanic sunk by collision with an iceberg in longitude 50 1/4 west, latitude 41 46 north, at 2:20 a. m., out of 2,208 passengers and crew only 707 were saved.
14. Reformer: W. T. Stead, journalist and reformer, at sea, aged 62.
15. Astronomer and philanthropist, at sea, aged 67.
16. Francis D. Millet, artist, at sea, aged 55.
17. Col. J. A. Astor, soldier and capitalist, at sea, aged 47.
18. Jacques Futelle, author, at sea, aged 52.
19. Abolition: Fanny Harriet Quimby, the American air woman, flew across the English channel, the first woman to accomplish the feat.
20. Personal: Statue to John Paul Jones, naval hero of the Revolutionary war, unveiled in Washington.
21. Sporting: Mike Ryan of the New York Athletic Club won the annual A. G. S. Marathon at Boston, covering the 26 mile course in 2 hours 21 minutes 18 1/2 seconds.
22. Storm: Nearly 100 people killed by cyclone in Illinois and Indiana.
23. Obituary: Justin McCarthy, novelist, dramatist, former member of parliament, at Folkestone, England; aged 82.
24. Obituary: Dr. D. T. Coe, geologist, who gave all his fortune to colleges, in Chicago; aged 92.
25. Storm: Oklahoma swept by a tornado.
26. Fire: The great bazaar quarters in Damascus, Syria, burned; loss \$10,000,000.
27. Shipwreck: Steamer Texas, under the Turkish flag, sunk in the gulf of Smyrna; 66 passengers drowned.
28. The Titanic Cable ship Mackay Bennett with her cargo of 166 of the Titanic dead recovered from the sea, reached Halifax, N. S.

MAY.

1. Convention: Colonial Dames met in Washington.
2. Obituary: Homer C. Davenport, famous cartoonist, in New York; aged 45.
3. Army Aviation: Italian airships dropped 40 bombs on the Turkish works at Azizliah, Tripoli.
4. Convention: United Confederate Veterans met at Macon, Ga.
5. Personal: Gen. Bennett H. Young, elected commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans.
6. King George V. of England went down in a submarine boat in Weymouth, bay.
7. Political: The house of representatives passed the bill for the popular election of United States senators, 237 to 81.
8. Obituary: Frederick VIII. of Denmark, at Helsingor, Denmark; aged 68.
9. Convention: Peace conference met at Lake Mohonk, N. Y.
10. Personal: The Danish crown prince proclaimed king as Christian X.
11. Political: The Socialist national convention at Indianapolis nominated Eugene V. Debs and Samuel Seidel for president and vice president.
12. Coal Strike: Coal miners' convention at Wilkesbarre adopted an agreement with mine owners and ended the strike; 170,000 miners resumed work.
13. Naval Battleship Texas, largest in the United States navy, launched at Newport, N. H.
14. Fire: Flames in the business district of Houston, Tex., caused a loss of \$1,000,000.
15. Cuba: Uprising of negroes in Cuba.
16. Convention on Sons of the American Revolution met in Boston.
17. Personal: Mary Anne Rankin, convicted of conspiracy in London.
18. Cuba: United States marines ordered to Cuba to protect American residents against the rebellious negroes.
19. Marine Hamburg-American liner Imperator, largest vessel in the world, launched at Hamburg with Emperor William as sponsor.
20. Convention: International congress of navigation met at Philadelphia.
21. Fire: Historic old Eutaw House burned in Baltimore.
22. Sporting: Jerome D. Travers defended his title of champion by defeating Capt. Kirk at the Metropolitan Golf association tournament at Short Hills, N. J.
23. Cuba: Revolt spreading in Cuba; United States battleship ordered to sail south.
24. Obituary: Jan Blockx, composer and authority on Flemish music and folk-songs, at Antwerp, Belgium; aged 80.
25. Sporting: Abel R. Kiviat made a new record by running the 1,500 meter race in 3 minutes 59 1/2 seconds at New York.
26. Political: President Taft informed the Cuban government that the United States would not intervene in Cuba.
27. Fire: Disaster, 103 lives lost in a theater fire at Villa Real, Spain.
28. Obituary: Wilbur Wright, aviator and aeroplane inventor, at Dayton, O.; aged 46.

(Continued Next Week.)

Tribute of Respect

The death of A. J. Otto was adopted by Trinity Lutheran Sunday School, Bedford.

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and removed from our midst Brother A. J. Otto, who has for a number of years been an active, earnest and faithful member of Trinity Lutheran Sunday School, and,

Whereas, By his death we feel that a great loss has fallen upon the school, the church and the community; therefore, be it Resolved:

First—That we in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Second—That we bear testimony to the consecrated interest which Brother Otto always took in the school and the church; to his active Christian life and character, and to our sense of the great loss which the school and the church has sustained in his death.

Third—That we commend the quiet, faithful and consistent life of Brother Otto and pray that it may be an inspiration to others to emulate him.

Fourth—That these resolutions be spread at large upon our minutes, be published in the Bedford papers and that a copy thereof be sent to the family of the deceased.

Frank E. Corwin,
D. W. Erger,
D. M. Hillman,
Committee.

Reason, Was Plain,
"My husband has deserted me, and I want a warrant," announced the lady.

"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't want any lip from you; I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official, frowning as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.—Pittsburgh Post.

A Woman's Way.

Ella—Before going to sleep I have the habit of thinking over every unpleasant and spiteful thing that people have said to me during the day. Bella—That is an excellent thing for you to do, but how can you get along with so little sleep?—Der Gucksten

Ungrateful Guest.

Brown—So you spent Sunday with the Sububs, eh? How far is their house from the station? Towne—About two miles as the dust flies.—Judge.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.—Montaigne

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Adv.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Communication From Correspondent at National Capital

SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK

Says That Promises Made to Win an Election Should be Religiously Carried Out.

Washington, D. C., December 24.—"There is one way, and one way only, for the Democrats to remain in power," by giving the people after election what they promised before election. The people don't want excuses; they want deeds."

This is Speaker Champ Clark's idea of what the Democratic party must do to make good and to be retained in power.

"If there is anything I believe in strongly," said Mr. Clark, "it is that promises made to win an election should be religiously carried out after the election is won."

"Men should say what they mean and mean what they say; and they should speak the plain language of the plain people so that all may understand. The voters of the land have a right to be treated honestly, candidly, fairly and courageously. They are entitled to that square deal of which we hear so much and see so little."

"Robert J. Walker's report on the tariff remains to this day the greatest paper on that subject. In it he laid down this general principle: 'The highest rates should be on luxuries, the lowest or none at all on the necessities of life.' That should be the basis of our revision of the tariff to which we are solemnly committed."

"The rates should be arranged so as to produce the maximum of revenue, while taking from the ultimate consumers the minimum of money on the shape of tariff taxes. That statement may appear paradoxical, but what it proposes is perfectly feasible. There is a maximum revenue-producing tariff rate on each particular item which can be ascertained, and which should be ascertained. The moment the rate on any article goes above the maximum revenue-producing rate the revenue begins to fall off, and the more the rate is increased the more the revenue dwindles until it disappears entirely, and the rate becomes prohibitive."

"Such is the case with blankets nine feet long, worth not over 40 cents per pound, an article of prime necessity on which the compound specific and ad valorem amounts to a tariff tax of between 165 and 182 1/2 per cent.

"Without going into wearisome details, it is safe to say that three-fourths of all the tariff rates of the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff bill are above the maximum revenue-producing rates and should be reduced at least to a competitive point."

"The truth is that the words 'competitive tariff' are more easily understood than the words 'a tariff for revenue only.' A competitive tariff is one which would give Americans the American market so long as they sell at fair prices, but would let in foreign products if Americans undertake to gouge Americans."

"A competitive tariff would in practice be a tariff for revenue. The revenue can be increased more frequently by reducing rates than by increasing them."

"The present tariff, if thoroughly overhauled, could be made to produce a great deal more revenue and at the same time not cost the taxpayers one-fourth of what they now pay, for under the present custom where one dollar goes into the federal treasury four or five dollars go into the pockets of the tariff barons."

"The rates in a new bill or new bills should be fully as low as the rates in the bills which we passed during this Congress, and in some cases lower."

"All the talk about the Democrats wanting to injure business is absolutely preposterous."

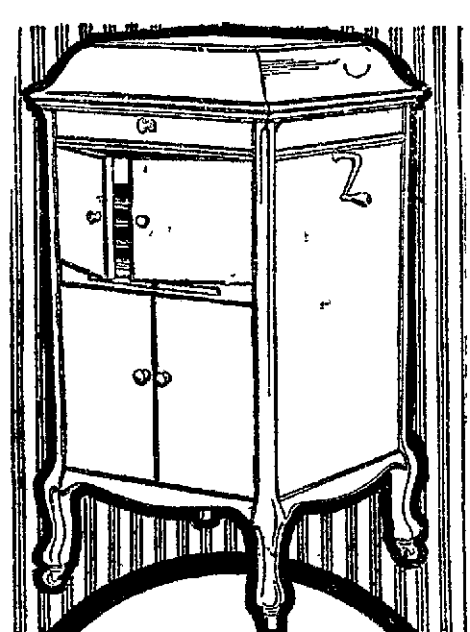
"What we want to do is to give every man an equal opportunity in the race of life, and not pamper a few at the expense of the many."

That plan would foster every legitimate industry in the land and injure none. That is one way in which Congress can aid in reducing the exceedingly high cost of living, which is really the most pressing, vexatious, and important problem with which we have to deal. What the people demand is cheaper food, cheaper clothing, cheaper necessities of life generally, and any cuts in tariff rates which do not accomplish that are not worth the trouble and labor of making."

"The revision ought to be made carefully, scientifically and in harmony with Democratic promises."

Clyde H. Tavenner

Gazette "want" ads bring quick results.



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150
Other styles Victor-Victrola \$75 to \$250
Victors \$10 to \$100

The ideal instrument for the home

The Victor-Victrola is the most perfect and most satisfactory of all musical instruments for the home. It combines all musical instruments and the perfect human voice, and supplies in unlimited variety the finest music in the world, sung and played by the most famous artists. There is no reason why you should not possess a Victor-Victrola. Come in and we'll tell you how you can pay for it on easy terms.

J. H. SEIFERT
Agent, Bedford, Pa.

PERSONAL NOTES
(Continued from First Page.)

Mr. Robert Bowser, a telegraph operator of Denver, Colo., is the guest of relatives here.

Mr. Lawrence Gilchrist, who is attending Villa Nova College, is spending his vacation with home folks.

Mr. James Claar, a student at St Francis' College, Loretto, is visiting his mother, Mrs. S. S. Claar, of South Richard Street.

P. R. R. Agent, James H. Irwin, of Reynoldsdale, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Irwin, several days this week.

Mr. Rush N. Harry of Cincinnati, O., is spending the week here with his sister, Mrs. Jennie K. McCulloch, of West Pitt Street.

Miss June B. Amos, who is attending Temple College, Philadelphia, is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. George Ponton, at the Waverly Hotel.

Mr. Fred G. Deffenbaugh, traveling salesman for H. H. Hessler and Company, druggists, of Cleveland, O., is spending the holiday vacation with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gatewood and daughter, Alta, and Mr. Charles T. Bagley, of McMechen, W. Va., are spending a few days with relatives in Bedford Township.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sliger, of York, are spending their honeymoon with the former's father, George E. Sliger, in Cumberland Valley and with friends and relatives in this place and vicinity.

Mr. P. W. Smith will leave on Sunday and Mr. Robert P. Amos on Monday for New York and a few days later will sail for Nassau, B. I., where they will be employed by the Florida East Coast Hotel Company.

Mr. Eben Pennell, a student at State College, and sister, Miss Cornelia Pennell, of Woman's College, Frederick, Md., are spending the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Pennell, South Richard Street.

Mr. Corle H. Smith, who for some years past has been in the employ of the Florida East Coast Hotel Company during the winter months, will leave today for New York, and after remaining there for several days will go to Palm Beach, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mechtley and daughter Gertrude, of Altoona, ate their Christmas dinner at the home of Mrs. Mechtley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lessig. Mr. Mechtley returned to Altoona yesterday but Mrs. Mechtley and daughter will remain here for some time.

Berkheimer-Imler

A quiet wedding took place at the Reformed parsonage, Osterburg, Wednesday evening, December 18, when Miss Lucy M. Imler became the bride of Charles E. Berkheimer, the ceremony being performed by their pastor, Rev. J. William Zehring.

The bride is a daughter of Joseph P. Imler and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berkheimer, of Osterburg. Both young people have many friends, who extend congratulations.

GREETING!

May the New Year bring prosperity to all our friends.

MRS. ELLA GILCHRIST

A WORD TO OUR CUSTOMERS...

To the old customers of this store we offer appreciation for the substantial recognition they have given to our efforts to deserve their loyalty and continued patronage.

To our new customers we express the hope that their initial experience with this store has been of the satisfactory character that will add them to the list of permanent customers.

To both old and new customers we extend our most earnest wishes that 1913 may bring to them a degree of prosperity that will far exceed their own expectations.

J. FLOYD MURDOCK

The Store for Quality

Jeweler

Graduate Optician

WISHING ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR

JAMES E. CLEAVER

JEWELER

OPTICIAN

SUIT OR OVERCOAT

\$15.00

MADE TO MEASURE

\$20.00

S. L. NAUS, "Tailor"

Odd Fellow Building,

Second Floor.

We now have a complete line of Children's and Ladies' Fall and Winter Wraps and Shoes.

W. C. KEYSER, - - - Schellsburg, Pa.

PARCELS POST SYSTEM

Will Go Into Effect on Wednesday, January 1, 1913.

On January 1, 1913, the Postoffice Department will inaugurate the Parcels Post System. The system provides for the carrying and delivery of parcels to every portion of the United States and the Insular Possessions, the limit of weight being 11 pounds. Packages must be of convenient shape and no larger in any direction than may be enclosed in a six-foot tape.

Zones have been established, the rates being graduated according to distances from the point of mailing. The Johnstown zone includes all of Cambria, Blair, Somerset, Indiana and Bedford Counties, with portions of Clearfield, Huntingdon, Westmoreland, Jefferson and Fulton Counties.

The rates for this zone are:

| | |
|-----------|----|
| 1 pound | 05 |
| 2 pounds | 06 |
| 3 pounds | 07 |
| 4 pounds | 08 |
| 5 pounds | 09 |
| 6 pounds | 10 |
| 7 pounds | 11 |
| 8 pounds | 12 |
| 9 pounds | 13 |
| 10 pounds | 14 |
| 11 pounds | 15 |

Parcels weighing four ounces or less are available at the rate of one cent for each ounce or fraction of an ounce, regardless of distance.

At "parcels" rates any fraction of a pound is considered a full pound. The above rates apply to all Bedford County postoffices, whose center in the zone is Johnstown.

Reighard-Troutman

Clarence W. Reighard and Miss Florence H. Troutman, of Belden, were married on Monday, December 23, by Rev. John H. Zinn, D. D.

SHE TURNED TRAITOR

And Was Glad of It

By GERTRUDE S. VARNEY

When the war between the states broke out I was living on a small plantation—or, rather, a farm, as it would be called in the north—in Georgia and the only girl in a family of seven. I was so bitter a rebel that Bob, the youngest, said I'd better organize a corps of amazons to help repel the invaders.

Father said that if a Yankee soldier smiled on me I'd drop.

"Do you mean to say, pop, that I would ever love a man who had come down here to deprive us of our liberties and take away our property?"

"I wouldn't trust you, Kit, if he had sense enough to flatter you, and more especially if he should enlist your sympathies."

I was so mad at this that I went out to the barn, fearing that I might say something disrespectful.

The invaders kept coming nearer and nearer till at last we had them all about us like pestiferous animals, or rather like a flight of locusts or grasshoppers eating up our diminished supplies and burning our fences for their campfires. If I hated them before I now both hated and dreaded them. "I wish," I said, "they had one neck and I could chop their heads off with glee as I would kill a chicken." Pop only laughed at this.

One morning I was on my way to Aunt Mary's when, crossing a stile, I looked right down into the face of a Yankee soldier. He was very pale, and I noticed that he was handsome. There's something defenseless in one's face that takes away animosity. I was about to say "poor fellow" when I thought of what pop had said about woman's weakness, through her sympathies, and I made up my mind I would show the family that I was of some use in the struggle even if I was only a girl. So I ran back to the house and, taking pop's rifle that stood in a corner behind a door, without saying anything to any one I went back and aiming the gun at the sleeper, called out:

"Wake up!" He opened his eyes, but he must have been very much exhausted, for, seeing a girl confronting him, he was going to sleep again.

"Wake up, you horrid Yankee!" called. "You contemptible blood-thirsty!"

He opened his eyes once more and moved slightly. An awfully pained expression came over his face, and he put his hand to his side. I noticed blood on his clothes and knew he was wounded. The words "poor fellow" came up again, but I checked them on the tip of my tongue and said fiercely—at least I tried to say it fiercely—"Get up. You are my prisoner."

He now began to realize that there was something serious for him in the situation. I was pointing the rifle straight at him. It was cocked and my finger was on the trigger. He raised himself in a sitting posture, supported by one hand on the ground, though I saw it hurt him dreadfully—and looking me in the eye, said:

"It would be better for me to be killed than captured. I haven't a load in my revolver, and if I had, I wouldn't shoot a girl. Fire!"

I heard some one behind me and saw the Yankee's expression change. I turned, and there was pop. He had seen me go out with his rifle and had followed me. He took the weapon from my hands and, seeing that our prisoner was wounded, sent me back for a couple of the neighbors to come and carry him to the house. When we got him there the men searched him and found papers on his person giving the location and strength of the Confederate forces in the neighborhood. He had been chased and shot by our men. Having discovered that he had fainted where I had found him, later he had sunk into a slumber.

I heard the men speaking of him as a spy and debating whether they had better hang him to a tree or notify the Confederate general commanding the forces in that region of his capture. Finally one of the men mounted a horse and rode away. I was told he had a long ride before him and wouldn't be back before evening or perhaps by noon the next day. The Yankee was put in a room upstairs at the rear of the house. A man was put on guard at the front door and another one in the rear, under the prisoner's window.

Of course we weren't so foolishman as to leave the man's wound untreated, and I rode over to a doctor, who came and dressed it. Mother gave me some corn pone to take up to the man for his dinner, and when she went out about something during the afternoon I killed a chicken and made him some broth. He was very grateful to me and said it was the only thing he could have eaten. I was mighty careful to get rid of the remains of the chicken and washed the dishes carefully, fearing that mother would find out what I'd done and would tell father. I wouldn't have him know that I had weakened toward a hated Yankee for anything.

After I had got rid of the evidence of that sympathy father had said would unfit women for soldiers I went back to my prisoner and asked if there was

anything else he needed. He said there was. He undoubtedly would be hanged, and he would like me to write a letter to his mother. I saw this would do more to break me down than a hundred guns, and I didn't wish to do it, but I couldn't refuse him, and, getting the materials, I sat down by his bed, and he began to dictate. The very beginning caused me to waiver. "Dearest mother," spoken in a tremulous voice, was like sticking a knife into my heart. He went on to tell her that she must not grieve for him; that he died for his country—and had he got through without being captured would have rendered it a great service. I was weak enough to regret that I had been the cause of his capture, and when he came to the last words, "Your loving son who is about to die," I burst into a torrent of tears and sprinkled them on the paper.

This ended the fight for me. My rout was complete. I was ready to turn traitor to my country by assisting in the escape of one of her enemies who might cause the defeat—indeed, the slaughter—of her sons, among whom were my own brothers. To get him out of the house during the day seemed impossible, and by evening the messenger might return with soldiers to take him away. But I was now as hot for the enemy as I had been against him. I looked out of the window. There was the man on guard, sitting on a wood pile with a shotgun between his knees. A wheatfield extended from a few yards of the house to a wood an eighth of a mile away. In the interval there was not a tree or an obstruction of any kind. The wheat had been cut and was stacked on the ground in sheaves. Could anything be more hopeless for an escape?

But that power of duplicity, sympathy, unreasoning antagonism to seeing a fellow creature—especially a man who has awakened the divine spark of love—suffer, had been aroused in me, and I was as ready to do and dare in my field as a man in his. I must act in broad day. I dare not risk waiting for night. I looked at the sheaves and the guard below and an idea—no, two ideas—came to me like the flash of a gun. Seizing a part of the bed covering, I began to tear it into strips.

"Are you strong enough," I asked the invader, "to let yourself down from the window by this?"

"I am strong enough, sweetheart," he said, his countenance brightening with hope and love, "to do anything you require." Oh, that word "sweetheart"! It stung me with ecstasy. When I had made a rope long enough to reach nearly from the window to the ground, I went downstairs and, taking an empty bucket and giving it to Sam, the guard, who (I knew for my treachery) had asked me to be his wife, asked him to go to the spring across the road in front of the house and bring me some water while I guarded the detestable Yankee in his place, and I sealed the iniquity by giving him a Judas kiss.

His absence gave me just time enough to seize one of the sheaves and toss it up to the prisoner, whom I called to the window. He caught it and took it in. Then I returned to the room where he was and unbinding the sheaf, put it about him and tied it up again. Then I put one end of the rope of bedclothes into his hands and tied the other end to a leg of the bedstead. This all done, I told the spy to wait by the window and if he saw me disappear, when I heard me give a little shriek, to make the descent and take position by the field as a shepherd's wheat.


Going downstairs again, I began to talk to Sam, the guard, about our affair, putting up my lips near his to tempt him. He began for a kiss, and after teasing him while I told him that if he would come around the corner of the house where there were no windows I would give him one. After a hesitating glance at the prisoner's window, he consented, only for a minute—and attempted to take the kiss. I gave a little shriek, then allowed him to take me in his arms and give me as many kisses as he liked. When he started to go back to his post, I looked at him reproachfully and asked him if he was through so soon. This detained him for a few minutes longer, when, fearing that I endeavored to keep him further, he might suspect my design, I went back with him to the rear of the house. There was the wheatfield, but I could not detect the sheaf which contained the man for whom I had become a double traitor. While my heart was beating wildly, I ran upstairs.

The room was empty. I danced for joy. There would be no hanging. I had undone what I had done for my country and deserved to be hanged instead of the spy. But in twinkling I had been changed. I would rather suffer death for the prisoner than live for my country. My demoralization was complete.

Later in the day I looked at the wheatfield and saw that one sheaf had fallen on the ground. I knew the man inside it could not stand. I was terrified, for fear some one would go and set it up. In an agony of suspense, I waited for darkness to come. It came at last and the messenger did not return till 10 o'clock at night, to find that the spy had escaped.

When the war was over the Yankee spy came back to claim the girl who had saved his life, and the story came out. But I had become shameless. The whole family, remembering my Confederate proclivities, began to laugh at me. Father said: "Kit, you made the bed of a soldier who was fitted to make, and you deserve a medal of honor."

"No," I replied, "I made a coward, a renegade, a traitor and deserve to be hanged, but I'm glad of it."



The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

No Alum No Lime Phosphates

Springhope
December 25—We wish all Gazette readers a Happy New Year.
Prof. Chester Rininger, of Juniata College, Huntingdon, is spending his holiday vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rininger.
Miss Jennie Blattenger of Altoona is visiting home folks at present.
Mrs. Joseph Russell, of near this place has been having a serious attack of rheumatism.
Charles Griffith, of Altoona visited his parents on Tuesday.
Miss Lena Blattenger is seriously ill.
C. H. Miller and family, of near Schellsburg, and D. H. Deaner and family, of this place, took dinner on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Deaner.
Nathan Riseling, wife and family, of Point, spent Christmas at Pierre Hershberger's.
Elmer Bowser and family, of Schellsburg Route 1, visited the former's brother, Jacob Bowser, on Sunday.
Miss Jennie Zeigler of East Freedom visited friends here Saturday and Sunday.
Our boys held a blue rock shoot on Christmas, but according to reports, quite a number of birds escaped unbroken. Pilgrim.

True Value

B & B

True Value

fireless cookers

The gift ideal for the housewife.
An improved fireless cooker, selling the country wide at \$5.00, introduced in the Substore at \$2.75.
This is the Fireless Cooker that Mrs. Fothergill, the eminent exponent of Scientific Cookery unqualifiedly indorses.
All metal, thick insulation, comprised of large metal Cansister with metal hood that fits down over the vessels. One 4 quart Enamel Kettle with cover and one 2 quart Enamel Kettle with cover completes the outfit. Price, \$2.75.
ribbon special
The much wanted Messaline Ribbons in every conceivable shade—very best Messaline Ribbon, 6 inch width, we ever sold for 18c yard.

gift waists

Lingerie Waists, fine Lawn, trimmed with Val Lace and hand Embroidered—exceptional value, \$2.25.

candy

50c package Zatek Chocolate Billets, 20c.
25c package Zatek Chocolate Billets, 15c.
The most ideal of confections for topping off home-made candies, all day munching, filling stockings, etc.—guaranteed to remain fresh for months.

BOGGS & BUHL

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Cessna
December 24—The Grange at this place is in a very flourishing condition and has taken in a great many new members, this fall. The question for debate January 1, 1913, is: "Resolved, That the year 1913 gives promise of greater social and financial advancement than did the year 1912."
Mrs. Joseph Miller and son William, of Pittsburgh, were here attending the funeral of Mrs. George Koontz on Sunday.
J. K. Ridenour and wife, of Johnstown, are visiting George Otto on Cessna Route 1.
Bert Hoover has built a new hen house and says that he will now make them lay.
S. G. Mowry's big Imekins are running right along, giving steady

employment to a number of men and are turning out a lot of time.
Wedding bells are ringing just the same as Christmas bells in Cessna and on the railroad. This evening William Inglis takes unto himself a wife at the Ingalls home in Cessna and tomorrow Miss Mary Mickle, daughter of James Mickle, on Cessna Route 1, will take unto herself a husband in the person of Clark Claycomb of Osterburg Route 1. May joy, peace and success follow both couples through life.
Samuel Crissman expects to move to his new home near Reynoldsdale in the near future and Levi Harbaugh will take up life's work where Sam now lives.
We have received full instructions regarding the Parcels Post law and are happy to say we won't have to haul live poultry or any other live things except snakes and bees. We have secured the jury room in the courthouse for a meeting place for the Bedford County R. L. C. A. and now, boys, let us make this meeting so interesting that the patrons of the rural routes and the supervisors of the county townships will sit up and take notice. Good service and good roads will be the main topics, and we can give the service alright and we are going after the roads, too. W.

Fishertown
December 26—Mrs. Sydney Furnas, late of Port Deposit, Md., a former resident of this place, was buried at Spring Meadow on Tuesday. She was an invalid for years. Short funeral services were held at the home of her nearest relatives, the Blackburn sisters.
Charles Blackburn, of Baltimore and E. Howard Blackburn of Bedford attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Furnas.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penrose and Miss Rue Hammer are spending the holidays in Pittsburg and Johnstown.
E. B. Landis and wife spent Christmas with Mrs. Landis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hoover.
Mr. Bohnall of Grapeland is the guest of Fishertown friends.
Samuel Blattenger and family and Bert Blattenger and family spent Christmas with home folks.
T. E. Berkeheimer has gone to the hospital at Roaring Spring.
Dr. E. C. Blackburn of Lock Haven spent Wednesday with his mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Blackburn, who is still quite ill.
Ord Weisel and wife were home recently to see Mrs. Weisel, who is ill.

The Hicksite Friends had a social gathering in their church Wednesday evening. All report a good time.
An entertainment was held in the Reformed Church Tuesday evening.

Church of God
F. W. McGuire, Pastor
Preaching at Coldale, December 29, at 10:30 a. m. and at North Point at 2:45 p. m. Revival services are in progress at Saxton. Preaching every evening at 7:30.

Dunning's Creek Reformed Charge
E. A. G. Hermann, Pastor
Sunday, December 29—Pleasant Hill: Worship 10 a. m.; pastor's class 11 a. m.; Heckerman Missionary Society monthly meeting 7:30 p. m. St. Paul's: Sunday School 9:30 a. m. St. Luke's: Sunday School 9 a. m.

Sulphur Springs Reformed Charge
Emmet M. Adair, Pastor
Sunday, December 29—Trinity Church, Dry Ridge: Class of catechumens 9:30 a. m.; Divine worship 10:30 a. m. Grace Church, Mann's Choice: Sunday School 9:30 a. m.; Divine worship 2:30 p. m.; monthly missionary meeting 7 p. m.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It Involved a Plot That Failed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazing fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room replanning the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pointed Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully. "Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I went to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head bent more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her careless remark.

"Come, Lena, put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell, there came an interruption to the plans. A maid-servant tripped down the wide, curving stairway with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head, "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the rooms awhile ago."

Miss Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug, and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note. Because it's signed and—" The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure. "Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impertinence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the brewer and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended dramatically.

"Open it, gossie, and then come out—doors," advised Lena impatiently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly untwisted the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It ran thus:

"Darling (there was a huge blotch that obliterated the name)—There is something I must tell you before I go. Will you not be reading it in the library a half hour before dinner?" Devotedly, LANG.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a silky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger archly at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with excitement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "By by, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodbye," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wore delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarreling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost blighted thing in the garden, for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overlook her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warn-

ed them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm crimson serge gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their hunting expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face.

Lena, dazzling in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curls at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here."

The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rose veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stepped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as waxen as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately closed a brilliant scarlet poinsettia blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert in to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited rain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set or that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table. Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodbye, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning," called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all parted at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia overheard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that early train, too, Lang? You said you were leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town." But Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodnight to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappiest girl in the world—if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them, and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's woe-begone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away, intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl that Langford Dale loved consoled the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia."

And the blot on Felicia's happy Thanksgiving day was washed out.



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There Are 2,000 Varieties of Apples

In the January Woman's Home Companion, Fannie Merritt Farmer, cookery editor of that periodical, published an article entitled "The Wholesome Apple in Cookery" together with fifteen recipes for cooking apple dishes. In her introduction, she says:

"Scandinavian legends affirm that the apple was the favorite food of the gods. It was one of the first fruits grown by the Romans; it was early introduced into England, and brought from there to America. It is easily cultivated, bears fruit farther north than almost any other and by means of grafting almost two thousand varieties have been produced. These facts show in part why the apple stands at the head of all fruits."

Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of "The Cause and Cure of Colds," says that common colds should be taken seriously, especially when they hang on. **Foley's Honey and Tar Compound** is a reliable household medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective for children and for grown persons. Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger of serious results and cure quickly. No harmful drugs. Ed. D. Heckerman. Adv.

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"Yes, sir."

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Had to Creep.

"Why do you say 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff'?" asks the editor.

"Because," explains the society editor, "there was so much powder on her face the blush had to creep or else it would raise too much dust!"

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BROTHER AND SISTER

There Was a Great Social Gap Between Them

By F. A. MITCHEL

I can never forget that dreadful day Bert and I parted. Unmerciful disaster had "followed fast and followed faster," and this was the crowning trouble. Father had failed in business, and the shock had killed him. Mother, accustomed to every luxury and now reduced to penury, followed him in a few months. Neither father nor mother had any near relatives, and it fell to some old friends to determine for Bert and me what we should do.

Bert was twelve and I eight. Had we been but a few years older we might have taken some action for ourselves. As it was, it was decided that we must be separated. A friend of father's offered to take Bert and give him an education. A lady was found who would do the same for me. We clung to each other, declaring that we would stay together, Bert saying that he would take a position as telegraph messenger—the only occupation for boys he had noticed—but despite our pleadings we were sent in different directions. This, of course, promised better for us than trying to make our way in the world for ourselves at that tender age, but it seemed dreadfully hard to us.

It did turn out better, though in my case the good results were delayed for a long while. The lady who took me had no children and intended to adopt me. But persons who have not and never have had children of their own cannot begin with a child of ten without great trouble. It is like taking up any other occupation about which we have learned nothing. Besides, my foster mother was a very nervous woman, and whatever I did worried her. I had been with her but a short while when she decided that her health required that she should be relieved of my care, and I was given up to another person who was paid to take me.

When I was fourteen my foster mother died, and since she had made no provision for me, I was told that I must earn money. This I began doing by being a baby's nurse, and from that I drifted into other menial duties till I became a housemaid in the family of a wealthy gentleman whose only child was a daughter about my own age. This young lady upon learning the story of my life was very sympathetic and kind. She would not admit that I would always remain a servant, and helped me to prepare myself for something better. She made me her own maid, though she was not of the kind to need a maid, preferring to do everything for herself, giving me the position that I might have more time to improve myself. She was a strong character, well educated and possessing intellectual tastes. She became my teacher, and under her tuition, beginning where I had left off at my father's death, I gained what might be considered a fair education. Indeed I proved an apt scholar, and absorbed in a short while what some girls would be years in learning. Miss Gwendolin Hawley, my mistress, my teacher and my friend, was delighted with the success of her efforts in my behalf, assuring me when I expressed my gratitude that she was indebted to me, since I had given her something to interest her.

When Bert and I were separated we were too young to keep track of each other. I plied for him for awhile, but the memory of children requires time to develop, and within two or three years I had forgotten much about him. This was to be expected of him concerning his remembrance of me. Children of the same family not brought up together have little or nothing in common. Still I had a brother and longed for him. One fearful letter written a few days after Bert and I parted was the only message I received from him while we were children.

Miss Hawley had a fine social position, but only mingled in society to a moderate extent. She was prominent in organizations whose object was to ameliorate the condition of the poor. Of course, she had a number of friends and acquaintances, but as she did no entertaining largely I had little or no knowledge of them. She was so interested in intellectual and charitable pursuits that I fancied she would not be likely to marry; for she was twenty-two, and passing out from an age when the feelings are easily enlisted. But one evening when she had two young men and a girl friend in to play bridge with her I noticed a treatment of one of the men by her different from what she had shown any other. I served some refreshments, and during the few minutes that I was in the room was convinced of this, and noticed that the other man of the party favored me with a look of admiration he should not have bestowed upon a servant. After the party had gone Miss Hawley told me that this young man had not hesitated to comment upon my appearance rapturously.

After that the young man whom I noticed my mistress treated with marked attention was a frequent caller at the house. The butler received visitors at the door and delivered the cards so that I did not learn his name; but one day he called when the butler was busy and I answered the doorbell. He

dropped his card on the salver I presented to him and I took it upstairs to my mistress. On the way I glanced at it, and as soon as my eyes rested upon it the salver dropped from my hand and rolled down the stairs. I ran after it, picked it up, found the card and proceeded on my way. The name on it was Albert Pendleton Cushing. The visitor was my brother.

My mistress, who had heard the salver rattle on the stairs, looked at me as I entered her room in surprise; for she had often commended me for my carefulness, giving me certain Dresden cups she valued very highly to wash after having been used, and refusing to permit any other servant to clean them. She saw as I handed her the card on the salver that something had occurred to move me, but she had the tact to refrain from asking personal questions about what they might reveal of their own accord, and made no comment on my agitation. I was much relieved at this, for I required time to consider whether or no I would inform her that she was being courted by the brother of her maid.

After much thought upon the subject, also whether I should make myself known to Bert, I could not determine to do anything in the premises. If I took any action it would be to make a confidante of my mistress and not on any account reveal to Bert that I was his sister.

From this time I had a secret on my mind that troubled me, or, rather, I was distressed by the position I occupied. I longed to throw my arms around Bert's neck and rejoice that we had come together. But from this I shrank. Yet how was I returning my mistress' kindness to me in keeping my discovery from her? The matter weighed upon me dreadfully—indeed, so much so that I grew thin and pale, while I frequently noticed in looking at my reflection in a mirror that my mental strain was stamping itself on my features.

Occasionally I was obliged to meet Bert—sometimes to serve him. I had no reason to suspect him of knowing that I was his sister. If he ever even looked at me curiously he did not do so while I was looking at him. I was glad to be near him, but pained that I might not make myself known to him. The young man who had favored me with an admiring glance came to the house occasionally and never failed to repeat his manifestations of admiration. Bert called him Howard, and I learned that his name was Howard Underwood.

One day Miss Gwendolin said to me: "Lucia, I have been thinking much about you lately and have come to a decision concerning you. Your birth, supplemented by what I have been able to do for you in education, will not admit of your remaining longer a servant. I have some work laid out for you—keeping the accounts of a charitable association of which I am treasurer, the salary of which is \$600 a year. I wish you to continue to live here, and that you may feel independent I will give you the care of my wardrobe."

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe in words my joy at this announcement. Sooner or later I would claim Bert for my brother, and that without placing him in an embarrassing position. Gwendolin would not listen to thanks, saying that my position as a maid had been as embarrassing to her as it must have been to me. She also told me that her admirer and my admirer were coming that same evening to play cards and she wished me to make a fourth hand. I tried to beg off from such a sudden jump from serving persons to being their companion, but she would not listen to me.

Gwendolin some time before had insisted on my providing myself with a respectable wardrobe of my own, and I now saw why she had done so. That same evening Bert came earlier than her friend, and Gwendolin insisted on my going down to receive him. With a fluttering heart I did so. Entering the room, I saw no one, but suddenly Bert stopped from behind a curtain and caught me in his arms.

While I had been carrying a secret the others had been doing the same thing. Gwen had told Bert all about her maid, her origin and her name. Bert had from the story recognized his sister, and, though he did not at once make the relationship known to Gwendolin, he did so very soon. Indeed, he prefaced a proposition of marriage by telling her that he was brother to her maid. She accepted, and together they laid the plan to spring a surprise on me, not knowing that I possessed the secret of Bert and my relationship.

While my brother and I were still locked in an embrace Gwen came in. We three passed some time in explanations and rejoicings when Mr. Underwood appeared, and I learned that he, too, had been taken into the secret. I shall never forget his beaming face or the pressure of his hand as he congratulated me upon the reunion with my brother.

I do not know which one of the party during that memorable evening—we did not play cards—was the happiest. Bert had found a sister and a ladylove. Gwen had found a lover who had found a sister. I had been reunited to a brother and knew well that it would not be long before I would be told that I had gained a lover. As for Howard, I made him happy by responding glances that had been long restrained.

Bert had received both an academic and a professional education from his benefactor and was an exemplary and promising young man. He married my benefactress, and I married Howard Underwood, he having fallen in love with a lady's maid and the maid having fallen in love with a gentleman at first sight.

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5.00 9.20 .. Dallas 9.20 7.20

5.03 9.23 .. Everett 9.14 7.14

5.10 9.30 .. Tatesville 9.05 7.05

5.20 9.39 .. Cypher 8.56 6.56

5.30 9.49 .. Hopewell 8.47 6.47

5.35 9.54 .. Riddlesburg 8.42 6.44

5.48 10.07 A. Saxton L. 8.29 6.32

4.30 7.30 L. Dudley A. 9.20 7.05

4.45 7.45 .. Coalmont .. 9.00 6.50

5.00 8.00 A. Saxton L. 8.35 6.35

5.48 10.07 L. Saxton A. 8.29 6.32

5.58 10.17 .. Cove .. 8.18 6.20

6.03 10.22 .. Hummel .. 8.14 6.16

6.11 10.29 .. Entritken .. 8.09 6.11

6.18 10.37 .. Marklesburg 8.01 6.00

6.22 10.41 .. Brumbaugh 7.56 5.55

6.27 10.46 .. Grafton .. 7.52 5.52

6.31 10.50 .. McConnell's 7.48 5.48

6.40 11.00 .. Huntington 7.40 5.40

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8.00 7.35 Cumberland 11.25 7.20

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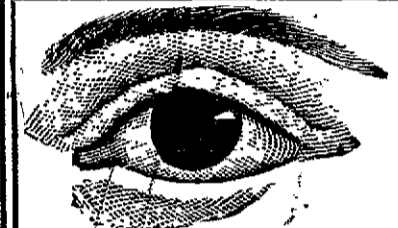
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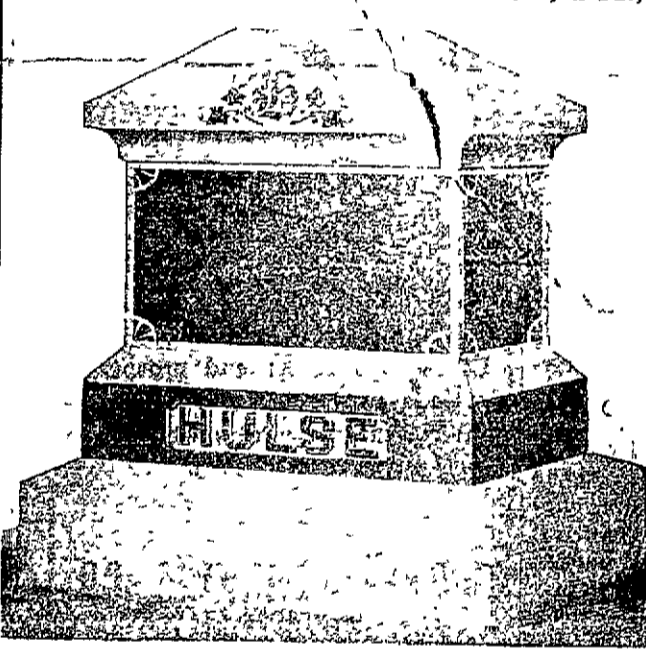
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Do Not Mistake the Name---FOOTER'S DYE WORKS.

W. C. McCLINTIC, Authorized Agent.

W. H. SEARS, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
HUNTINGDON, PA.

AT BEDFORD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1913.

Can be seen at Huntingdon on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

THE WIDOW'S
GOAT

By M. QUAD

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Deacon Carter of the village of Romeo was a good man and a good neighbor. He never refused to lend his hoe or his wheelbarrow, and his wife just doted on lending her fatigues or washboard. The deacon would have no more hurt a person's feelings than he would have jumped off the bridge into Thornapple creek, and that he was ever to be threatened with a lawsuit was the last thing to be thought of.

One day the deacon got a message to the effect that his widowed daughter over at Glen Dale was dying, and he borrowed a horse and buggy and drove over. The daughter had no children in time to receive her last instructions, and to close her eyes.

The widow had neither dog nor cat, but in place of either or both had a goat. It had been sent to her when young from a distance, and they had learned to love each other. The goat had made no trouble at all, and the daughter charged her father to take Billy home with him and watch and guard him and treat him with loving kindness.

The goat was brought home and made to understand that it's future lines were to be cast in pleasant places. It was given the run of the yard, and for three days its attitude elicited sympathy and commendation. It really shed tears over the mistress and the home it had lost, and then it braced up and became playful.

The deacon had a tomato patch, and he went out one morning to pick two or three tomatoes to go with his breakfast. As he gathered them there was a concussion, and it was ten minutes later when his wife came out and found him just coming to himself again.

"V-what is it, Jephtha?" she gasped. "The—the goat!"

"What about him?"

"Came on the run and struck me with his head!"

"But I don't see how he"—
But she did see. The goat came bounding on like a cyclone and bowled her over and over until she struck the row of sunflowers.

Two days passed quietly, but on the evening of the second the goat quietly slipped his collar and slipped out to see the sights of Romeo. While ranging around he encountered six different persons on their way to prayer meeting. He took them in as fast as he came to them. Some went rolling into the ditch and some against the fence, but all underwent the same sensation. They thought a tree had fallen on them.

Even a good man can't escape consequences if he is the owner of a butting goat. Next day six limping people wanted to know what Deacon Carter was going to do about it. Like the square man that he was, he offered them \$3 apiece and made settlements. "If it wasn't that I had promised Hanner on her dying bed," he said to his wife as the last-victim limped away.

"I know, I know, deacon," was the reply.

"We'll have to keep him."

"Durn his hide!"

"S-s-s-h! There he stands in the door!"

That night the goat was shut up in the barn, but there was a window through which he jumped, taking the sash and glass with him. Mr. Griggs, the grocer, had looked up and was on his way home when some white object flashed before his eyes, and he knew no more for half an hour. The sexton of the Baptist church had spent two hours sweeping and dusting and had started for his fireside with his hands clasped under his coat tails. He went down like ripe barley before the sickle. His last impression was that a meteorite had fallen from the night sky and plunked him between the shoulders.

There were half a dozen others that were treated to various surprises and sensations, and this time it cost Deacon Carter \$50 to settle.

"We'll have to sell him," he said to his wife, with a sigh.

"And Hanner's ghost will haunt us!"

The goat was chained up, and for two days he was a quiet, reflective animal. He stood most of the time with half closed eyes, as if seeing his past and hoping to see his future.

Then Sunday came, and the people gathered at the church. The goat worked some sort of hocus pocus on that chain and was once more at liberty. The front doors of the church stood wide open, as if inviting all the goats to enter with the sheep, and this goat entered. He entered on the run, and within three minutes he had driven out the congregation.

Could such a thing as that be overlooked and the offender forgiven? You know it could not. With pickets pulled from the fence, with clubs and rocks and umbrellas, they swarmed for the goat, and, though he fought back, they were too many for him. They finally hemmed him in on the bridge, closing in to take his life, when he went over the rail into the creek and was drowned.

"I s'pose Hanner is an angel," observed the deacon's wife as they sat together that evening.

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"And she saw it all?"

"Yes."

"What do you think she think?"

"Probably that she had a fool for a father."

A BIG SENSATION

The Pittsburgh Dispatch Will Publish Series of Articles by Jack Rose.

Jack Rose, the gambling partner of Lieutenant Becker and the chief witness against him for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, has just completed a series of six articles which are the most sensational ever published. They are entitled "My Life in the Underworld" and reveal the secrets of murder, gambling, shoplifting, etc. They will give in detail how lives are put out for \$10 and upward. The tragedies of the gaming table, where criminals are really made, or wiretapping—really run by the Police Department on a commission basis of 15 per cent.

The series is remarkable for two reasons—because of the startling revelations and the service in telling the world the appalling facts of the underworld and its methods. In all sincerity he has written these stories, first and foremost attempting to be of service. In all truth they will further the cause of reform and righteousness in this country. In no other way could the facts be secured as by this man, who has spent 20 years of his life in actual personal touch with criminals of every type, not as an outsider who interviews them, but as one who works among and with them.

Jack Rose KNOWS what he writes about as Morgan KNOWS banking or as Edison KNOWS electricity.

The series of articles have been bought at a tremendous price by The Pittsburgh Dispatch, and will be published in the Sunday issue, beginning Sunday, December 29. The demand for the Sunday Dispatch, which will publish the articles exclusively in this territory, will be enormous, and arrangements should be made with newsdealers without delay for the papers containing this series. Remember, the first of the series will be printed in next Sunday's issue of The Pittsburgh Dispatch (Sunday, December 29).

COUGHING AT NIGHT

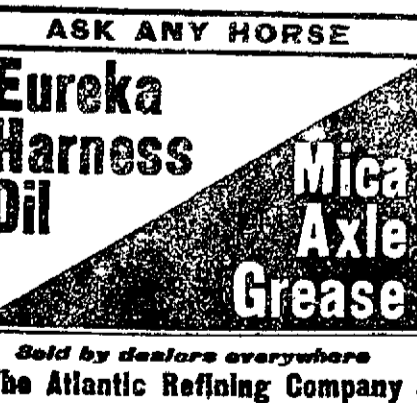
One bad cough can keep the whole family awake at night. Phil. Disor, near Schaffer, Mich., says: "I could not sleep on account of a bad cough, and I was very weak. I used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and soon the cough left and I slept soundly all night." Ed. D. Heckerman. Adv.

Scribner's Magazine for January begins the fifty-third volume. The serial of the year, of which the first generous instalment is printed, is "The Custom of the Country," by Edith Wharton. It is an intensely modern story of American life, and contrasts the social conditions of the various groups which make up New York society—the frivolous, the serious, the old families and the new. Never has there been so accurate and moving a presentation of New York as it is, by one who really knows. "Undine," the heroine, will be as much a character to be discussed as was "Lily Bart" of "The House of Mirth."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Kind Word for the Human Race
David Grayson, writing one of his new "Adventures in Contentment" in the January American Magazine says:

"I have always believed that men in their innermost souls desire the highest, bravest, finest things they can hear or see or feel in all the world. Tell a man how he can increase his income, and he will be grateful to you and soon forget you; but show him the highest, most mysterious things in his own soul and give him the word which will convince him that the finest things are really attainable, and he will love and follow you always."



EXECUTORS' NOTICE

[Estate of Amos Claycomb, late of King Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.]

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

HARVEY E. CLAYCOMB, Imbler, Rt. 1, or
WILSON CLAYCOMB, Osterburg, Rt. 1
Dec. 20-31.

ELECTION NOTICE

The members of the Friend's Cove Mutual Fire Insurance Company will meet in the office at Charlesville on Tuesday, January 14, 1913, at 10 a. m. for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. 20 Dec 27

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

[Estate of John Hafer, late of the Borough and County of Bedford, deceased.]

The undersigned Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to sell the real estate of which John Hafer, late of the Borough and County of Bedford, died seized, will offer at public sale at the hotel building, known as the Bedford House, in the Borough of Bedford, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1913, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., the following valuable real estate, to wit:

1. A large three-story stone and brick hotel building situated on the south side of East Pitt Street, in the Borough of Bedford, and known as the Bedford House, equipped with steam heat, electric light and other modern improvements.

2. A lot of ground sixty by one hundred and twenty feet situate on the southeast corner of the intersections of two alleys, one extending north and south between and parallel with Juliana and Richard Streets and the other extending east and west between and parallel with Pitt and Penn Streets, in the Borough of Bedford, being located back of the Bedford House and having large frame stables and sheds thereon erected.

3. Lot No. 33 is the plan of the Borough of Bedford, fronting on West Pitt Street and being on the southwest corner of Pitt Street and the first alley west of Juliana Street, said lot being sixty by one hundred and twenty feet and having thereon erected a large two-story brick and frame building, large stable and other buildings.

4. A tract of land situate in Bedford Township, on the northern side of the road leading from the Borough of Bedford to the Chalybeate Springs, containing about three acres and known as the "Pear Orchard."

5. A lot of ground adjoining the last described tract, having thereon erected a two-story brick house and other outbuildings.

6. The celebrated Chalybeate Spring, the water of which is famous as a diuretic, blood tonic and healer of skin eruptions, such as tetter, eczema and kindred ills, and the land surrounding the Spring consisting of fourteen acres of fertile, productive soil.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of bid must be paid or secured on day of sale, remainder of one-third on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed; one-third in one year and one-third in two years thereafter, with interest from date of confirmation of sale, deferred payments to be secured by judgment or mortgage liens.

THOMAS M. GEPHART, R. C. HADERMAN, Trustee.
Attorney. Dec. 20-31.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE
Estate of Mary Ann Corl, Deceased.

In partition in the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises on the

14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1913, at one o'clock p. m., all that parcel and tract of land situate in Union Township, said county, bounded and described as follows:

Adjoining lands of Jacob Corl, Jr., heirs on the north and east; lands of Joseph U. Gordon on the south, and lands of George and Isaac Whyson on the west, and containing sixteen acres, more or less; and she will sell the same to the highest and best bidder, on the following terms: Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid at the time the property is struck down, balance of one-third upon the confirmation of the sale and delivery of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year thereafter, said deferred payments to bear interest, with privilege of paying all in cash.

REBECCA ICKES, B. F. MADORE, Trustee.
Attorney. Dec. 20-31.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE
Estate of Jacob Corl, Jr., Deceased.

In partition in the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises on the

14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1913, at one o'clock p. m., all that parcel and tract of land situate in Union Township, said county, bounded and described as follows:

Adjoining lands of Isaac Feather on the north, lands of Aaron Claar, Philip Ickes and Jeremiah Weyant on the east, lands of Joseph U. Gordon, George Whyson and the heirs of Mary Ann Corl on the south, and lands of Eli Berkey, George W. Shafer and the heirs of Mary Ann Corl on the west, containing two hundred acres, more or less, and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, large barn, corner and other outbuildings; and she will sell the same to the highest and best bidder, on the following terms: Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid at the time the property is struck down, balance of one-third upon the confirmation of the sale and the delivery of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year thereafter, said deferred payments to bear interest, with the privilege of paying all in cash.

REBECCA ICKES, B. F. MADORE, Trustee.
Attorney. Dec. 20-31.

MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Bedford, for the election of directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 14, 1913, between 10 and 2 p. m.

Dec. 13-5t.

FOLEYSHO...
stops the cough and...

NOTICE OF APPEALS

Appeals from the Tri-Annual Assessments of 1913 will be held in the Commissioners' Office in Bedford for the different townships and boroughs as follows:

Coaldale Dec. 20, 1912
Colerain
Cumberland Valley
Everett
Harrison
Hopewell Borough
Hopewell Township Dec. 31
Hyndman
Bloomfield
Kimmell
Liberty
Lincoln
Londonderry Jan. 1, 1913
Mann
Mann's Choice
Monroe
Napier
New Paris
Pleasantville Jan. 2
Providence East
Providence West
Rainsburg
Schellsburg Jan. 6
Snake Spring
Southampton
Saxton
Bradford Top
Juniata Jan. 7
St. Clairsville
Union
Woodbury Borough
King
Woodbury South Jan. 8
Woodbury Township
St. Clair East
Bedford Township
St. Clair West Jan. 9
Bedford Borough
Appeals for state purposes, April 1, 2 and 3, 1913.

DAVID S. HENGST, THOMAS N. MILLER, NEVIN DIEHL, County Commissioners.

Attest: G. R. SHUCK, Clerk. Dec. 13-3t

EXECUTOR'S SALE

The undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Henry P. Beagle, late of the Township of Bedford, County of Bedford and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises in Pleasant Valley, in the Township of Bedford, about five miles north of Bedford, on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m., the Mansion Farm, containing about 180 acres, more or less, of which about one hundred and thirty acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and about fifty acres in good timber, having thereon erected a dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings, on which there is a large bearing apple orchard and other fruit trees. The farm is well watered with never failing wells and creeks.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of the bid when the farm is struck down, the balance of \$3,000 when deed is delivered, and one-half of the balance in one year and one-half in two years with interest. Possession will be given April 1, 1913.

SAMUEL M. BEEBE, ALVIN L. LITTLE, Attorneys. Dec. 13-3t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of Margaret A. Bowman and Peter H. Bowman, late of Hopewell Township, deceased.]

In the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to state an account for William C. Long, administrator of Margaret A. Bowman and Peter H. Bowman, late of Hopewell Township, deceased, to ascertain debts of said estates and to make distribution of all funds in said administrator's hands to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit for the purposes of his appointment in the Court House in Bedford, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 28th day of December, at ten o'clock a. m., of said day, when and where all persons having claims against said estates may appear and present and prove said claims or otherwise be forever debarred from participating in said fund.

GEORGE POINTS, Hon. J. H. Longenecker, Auditor.
Attorney. Dec. 13-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to distribute the funds remaining in the hands of Lloyd A. Dilling and A. N. Byers, administrators and trustees to sell the real estate of Jeremiah B. Hullinger, late of Woodbury Borough, deceased, will sit for the purpose of his appointment at the Court House in Bedford on Thursday, January 16th, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested are required to attend or be forever debarred from a share in said funds.

B. F. MADORE, E. M. PENNELL, Auditor.
Attorney. Dec. 20-31.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of George Fritz, late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.]

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

WILLIAM H. FRITZ, Administrator, New Baltimore, Pa.
SIMON H. SELL, Attorney, Bedford, Pa. Nov. 22-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of George W. Vickroy, late of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.]

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

WILLIAM J. VICKROY, Executor, 706 Graham Avenue, H. JORDAN, Windber, Pa.
Attorney. Dec. 6-6t.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It Involved a Plot That Failed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazing fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room replanning the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pouted Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully.

"Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I want to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head bent more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her careless remark.

"Come, Lena; put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell, there came an interruption to the plans. A maid-servant tripped down the wide, curving stairway with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head, "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the rooms awhile ago."

Miss Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug, and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note because it's signed and—" The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure.

"Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impertinence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the lawyer and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended dramatically.

"Open it, gossip, and then come out doors," advised Lena impatiently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly untwisted the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It ran thus:

"Darling (there was a huge blot that obliterated the name)—There is something I must tell you before I go. Will you be reading it in the library a half hour before dinner?" Devotedly, LANG.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a silky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger archly at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with excitement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "By by, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodbye," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wore delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarrelling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost-blighted thing in the garden, for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overflow her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warn-

ed them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm crimson serge gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their hunting expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face.

Lena, dazzled in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curls at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here."

The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rose veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stopped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as waxen as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately chose a brilliant scarlet poinsettia blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert in to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited vain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set and that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table.

Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly, when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodbye, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning," called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all parted at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia overheard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that early train, too, Lang? You said you were leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town—But Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodbye to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappy girl in the world—if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them, and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's weebone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away. Intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl that Langford Dale loved consoled the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia."

And the blot on Felicia's happy Thanksgiving day was washed out.



are under double strain—strength to live and learn and strength to grow—they must have nourishment—not overloaded stomachs, but concentrated nutriment to aid nature during the growing period.

The wonderful record of Scott's Emulsion as a body-builder has been proved for three generations. It strengthens the bones, muscles and sinews; builds the body, creates energy and vigor; prevents and relieves colds and fortifies the lungs.

Millions of delicate and undeveloped children have been made strong, sturdy and hearty with Scott's Emulsion.

Insist on having SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-58

There Are 2,000 Varieties of Apples In the January Woman's Home Companion Fannie Merritt Farmer, cookery editor of that periodical, published an article entitled "The Wholesome Apple in Cookery" together with fifteen recipes for cooking apple dishes. In her introduction, she says:

"Scandinavian legends affirm that the apple was the favorite food of the gods. It was one of the first fruits grown by the Romans; it was early introduced into England, and brought from there to America. It is easily cultivated, bears fruit farther north than almost any other and by means of grafting almost two thousand varieties have been produced. These facts show in part why the apple stands at the head of all fruits."

Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of "The Cause and Cure of Colds," says that common colds should be taken seriously, especially when they "hang on." Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable household medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective for children and for grown persons. Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger of serious results and cure quickly. No harmful drugs. Ed. D. Heckerman.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores. Adv.

Reverent of the Coter.

The English costermonger must be fearfully and wonderfully clothed judging from the following coster tailor's advertisement in a London paper:

"A slap-up togs and kickies build: with upper Benjamins slipped on a downy pant, with moleskins of hanky panky design, with a double faked-down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kickies cut pegtop, half aught, or to drop loose over the trousers, with fancy vests made to dash the dicky, or to fit tight round the scrag."

Domestic Joys.

"Rosa, my mother-in-law is coming for a long visit tomorrow. Here's list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us of these you'll get a week's notice."

Ellegende Blatter.

Croupy Coughs and Wheezy Colds

The quickest, simplest way to rid the children of dangerous, croupy coughs and wheezy, stuffy colds is to give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It gives almost instant relief and stops a cough promptly. It soothes and heals. Contains no opiates. Ed. D. Heckerman. Adv.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

Had to Creep.

"Why do you say 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff?' asks the editor.

"Because," explains the society editor, "there was so much powder on her face the blush had to creep or else it would raise too much dust!"

The Clever Ones.

Griggs—Some men are born great, others achieve greatness. Briggs—Yes; and others simply have the trick of making other people think they're great.

For regular action of the bowels: easy, natural movements, relief of constipation, try Doan's Regulators. Adv.

BROTHER AND SISTER

There Was a Great Social Gap Between Them

By F. A. MITCHEL

I can never forget that dreadful day Bert and I parted. Unmerciful disaster had "followed fast and followed faster," and this was the crowning trouble. Father had failed in business, and the shock had killed him. Mother, accustomed to every luxury and now reduced to penury, followed him in a few months. Neither father nor mother had any near relatives, and it fell to some old friends to determine for Bert and me what we should do.

Bert was twelve and I eight. Had we been but a few years older we might have taken some action for ourselves. As it was, it was decided that we must be separated. A friend of father's offered to take Bert and give him an education. A lady was found who would do the same for me. We clung to each other, declaring that we would stay together, Bert saying that he would take a position as telegraph messenger—the only occupation for boys he had noticed—but despite our pleadings we were sent in different directions. This, of course, promised better for us than trying to make our way in the world for ourselves at that tender age, but it seemed dreadfully hard to us.

It did turn out better, though in my case the good results were delayed for a long while. The lady who took me had no children and intended to adopt me. But persons who have not and never have had children of their own cannot begin with a child of ten without great trouble. It is like taking up any other occupation about which we have learned nothing. Besides, my foster mother was a very nervous woman, and whatever I did worried her. I had been with her but a short while when she decided that her health required that she should be relieved of my care, and I was given up to another person who was paid to take me.

When I was fourteen my foster mother died, and since she had made no provision for me, I was told that I must earn money. This I began doing by being a baby's nurse, and from that I drifted into other menial duties till I became a housemaid in the family of a wealthy gentleman whose only child was a daughter about my own age. This young lady upon learning the story of my life was very sympathetic and kind. She would not admit that I would always remain a servant, and helped me to prepare myself for something better. She made me her own maid, though she was not of the kind to need a maid, preferring to do everything for herself, giving me the position that I might have more time to improve myself. She was a strong character, well educated and possessing intellectual tastes. She became my teacher, and under her tuition, beginning where I had left off at my father's death, I gained what might be considered a fair education. Indeed I proved an apt scholar, and absorbed in a short while what some girls would be years in learning. Miss Gwendolin Hawley, my mistress, my teacher and my friend, was delighted with the success of her efforts in my behalf, assuring me when I expressed my gratitude that she was indebted to me, since I had given her something to interest her.

When Bert and I were separated we were too young to keep track of each other. I pined for him for awhile, but the memory of children requires time to develop, and within two or three years I had forgotten much about him. This was to be expected of him concerning his remembrance of me. Children of the same family not brought up together have little or nothing in common. Still I had a brother and longed for him. One fearful letter written a few days after Bert and I parted was the only message I received from him while we were children. Miss Hawley had a fine social position, but only mingled in society to a moderate extent. She was prominent in organizations whose object was to ameliorate the condition of the poor. Of course, she had a number of friends and acquaintances, but as she did no entertain largely I had little or no knowledge of them. She was so interested in intellectual and charitable pursuits that I fancied she would not be likely to marry; for she was twenty-two, and passing out from an age when the feelings are easily enlisted. But one evening when she had two young men and a girl friend in to play bridge with her I noticed a treatment of one of the men by her different from what she had shown any other. I served some refreshments, and during the few minutes that I was in the room was convinced of this, and noticed that the other man of the party favored me with a look of admiration he should not have bestowed upon a servant. After the party had gone Miss Hawley told me that this young man had not hesitated to comment upon my appearance rapturously.

After that the young man whom I noticed my mistress treated with marked attention was a frequent caller at the house. The butler received visitors at the door and delivered the cards so that I did not learn his name; but one day he called when the butler was busy and I answered the doorbell. He dropped his card on the salver I presented to him and I took it upstairs to my mistress. On the way I glanced at it, and as soon as my eyes rested upon it the salver dropped from my hand and rolled down the stairs. I ran after it, picked it up, found the card and proceeded on my way. The name on it was Albert Pendleton Cushing. The visitor was my brother.

My mistress, who had heard the salver rattle on the stairs, looked at me as I entered her room in surprise; for she had often commended me for my carefulness, giving me certain Dresden cups she valued very highly to wash after having been used, and refusing to permit any other servant to clean them. She saw as I handed her the card on the salver that something had occurred, to move me, but she had the tact to refrain from asking personal questions, about what they might reveal of their own accord, and made no comment on my agitation. I was much relieved at this, for I required time to consider whether or no I would inform her that she was being courted by the brother of her maid.

After much thought upon the subject, also whether I should make myself known to Bert, I could not determine to do anything in the premises. If I took any action it would be to make a confidante of my mistress and not on any account reveal to Bert that I was his sister.

From this time I had a secret on my mind that troubled me, or, rather, I was distressed by the position I occupied. I longed to throw my arms around Bert's neck and rejoice that we had come together. But from this I shrank. Yet how was I returning my mistress' kindness to me in keeping my discovery from her? The matter weighed upon me dreadfully—indeed, so much so that I grew thin and pale, while I frequently noticed in looking at my reflection in a mirror that my mental strain was stamping itself on my features.

Occasionally I was obliged to meet Bert—sometimes to serve him. I had no reason to suspect him of knowing that I was his sister. If he ever even looked at me curiously he did not do so while I was looking at him. I was glad to be near him, but pained that I might not make myself known to him. The young man who had favored me with an admiring glance came to the house occasionally and never failed to repeat his manifestations of admiration. Bert called him Howard, and I learned that his name was Howard Underwood.

One day Miss Gwendolin said to me: "Lucia, I have been thinking much about you lately and have come to a decision concerning you. Your birth, supplemented by what I have been able to do for you in education, will not admit of your remaining longer a servant. I have some work laid out for you—keeping the accounts of a charitable association of which I am treasurer, the salary of which is \$600 a year. I wish you to continue to live here, and that you may feel independent I will give you the care of my wardrobe."

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe in words my joy at this announcement. Sooner or later I would claim Bert for my brother, and that without placing him in an embarrassing position. Gwendolin would not listen to thanks, saying that my position as a maid had been an embarrassment to her as it must have been to me. She also told me that her admirer and my admirer were coming that same evening to play cards and she wished me to make a fourth hand. I tried to beg off from such a sudden jump from serving persons to being their companion, but she would not listen to me.

Gwendolin some time before had insisted on my providing myself with a respectable wardrobe of my own, and I now saw why she had done so. That same evening Bert came earlier than her friend, and Gwendolin insisted on my going down to receive him. With a fluttering heart I did so. Entering the room, I saw no one, but suddenly Bert stepped from behind a curtain and caught me in his arms.

While I had been carrying a secret the others had been doing the same thing. Gwen had told Bert all about her maid, her origin and her name. Bert had from the story recognized his sister, and though he did not at once make the relationship known to Gwen, he did so very soon. Indeed, he prefaced a proposition of marriage by telling her that he was brother to her maid. She accepted, and together they laid the plan to spring a surprise on me, not knowing that I possessed the secret of Bert and my relationship.

While my brother and I were still locked in an embrace Gwen came in. We three passed some time in explanations and rejoicings when Mr. Underwood appeared, and I learned that he, too, had been taken into the secret. I shall never forget his beaming face or the pressure of his hand as he congratulated me upon the reunion with my brother.

I do not know which one of the party during that memorable evening—we did not play cards—was the happiest. Bert had found a sister and a ladylove. Gwen had found a lover who had found a sister. I had been reunited to a brother and knew well that it would not be long before I would be told that I had gained a lover. As for Howard, I made him happy by responding glances that had been long restrained.

Bert had received both an academic and a professional education from his benefactor and was an exemplary and promising young man. He married my benefactress, and I married Howard Underwood, he having fallen in love with a lady's maid and the maid having fallen in love with a gentleman at first sight.

New Students May Enter
THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE NORMAL
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At that time, we can accommodate a few additional students. Please write for catalogue now.

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I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.

YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, WHOSE FINGERS LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF ECZEMA PATIENTS. I WILL SEND IT FREE. POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND IT THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU. I. G. HUTZELL, 315 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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What They Will Do for You

They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes. ED. D. HECKERMAN

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THE CHICHESTER PILLS are the most famous of all the pills in the world. They are the only pills that are sold by druggists everywhere.

PATENTS

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HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TO MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

In Effect January 1, 1912.

| NORTH STATIONS. | | SOUTH | |
|-----------------|-------|-------------|-----------|
| P. M. | A. M. | P. M. | A. M. |
| 4.43 | 9.03 | Bedford | 9.37 7.37 |
| 5.00 | 9.20 | Mt. Dallas | 9.20 7.20 |
| 5.03 | 9.23 | Everett | 9.14 7.14 |
| 5.10 | 9.30 | Tatesville | 9.05 7.07 |
| 5.20 | 9.39 | Cypher | 8.56 6.57 |
| 5.30 | 9.49 | Hopewell | 8.47 6.48 |
| 5.35 | 9.54 | Riddlesburg | 8.42 6.44 |
| 5.48 | 10.07 | A. Saxton | 8.29 6.32 |
| 4.30 | 7.30 | L. Dudley | 9.20 7.05 |
| 4.45 | 7.45 | Coalmont | 9.00 6.50 |
| 5.00 | 8.00 | A. Saxton | 8.35 6.35 |
| 5.48 | 10.07 | L. Saxton | 8.29 6.32 |
| 5.53 | 10.12 | Cove | 8.18 6.20 |
| 6.03 | 10.22 | Hummel | 8.14 6.16 |
| 6.11 | 10.29 | Entenken | 8.09 6.11 |
| 6.18 | 10.37 | Marklesburg | 8.01 6.00 |
| 6.22 | 10.41 | Brumbaugh | 7.56 5.56 |
| 6.27 | 10.46 | Grafton | 7.52 5.52 |
| 6.31 | 10.50 | McConnell's | 7.48 5.48 |
| 6.40 | 11.00 | Huntingdon | 7.40 5.40 |

Bedford Special—Leaves Bedford at 1:50 p. m., arriving Huntingdon 3:45 p. m. Huntingdon Special leaves Huntingdon at 2 p. m., arriving Bedford at 3:57 p. m.

PENNA. AND B. & H. R. R. Daily (Sunday included)

| P. M. | A. M. | P. M. | A. M. |
|-------|-------|------------|------------|
| 3.00 | 7.35 | Cumberland | 11.25 7.25 |
| 2.30 | 8.05 | Hyndman | 10.35 6.34 |
| 4.23 | 8.57 | Bedford | 9.47 5.57 |
| 6.10 | 10.45 | A. Altoona | 8.00 4.00 |

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Nature's laws are perfect, but disease follows if these laws are not obeyed. Go straight to nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries here that you can fathom for you. Take the bark of the wild-cherry tree, the root of mandrake, stone, Oregon grape root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal, make a scientific, non-alcoholic extract of them with just the right proportions and you have

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists, eight years of hard work experimenting to make this pure glyceric extract and alternative of the greatest efficiency and without the use of a particle of alcohol.



E. WILLIAMS, Esq.

Just the sort of remedy you need to make rich, red blood, and cure that lassitude and feeling of nerve exhaustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of Public Approval and has sold more largely in the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic.

"Some time ago I got out of health—my stomach seemed to be the seat of the trouble," writes Mr. EZRA WILLIAMS, of Belleville, Kans. "I commenced to doctor with all the doctors at home as well as with other specialists on stomach and digestive organs. None seemed to do any good—in fact, most of the medicines did me harm. Finally, I wrote to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., who replied, stating that I had liver complaint with indigestion and constipation, and advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets'.

"The 'Discovery' and 'Pellets' have 'put me on my feet again'—seemed to be just what I needed. I could not have recovered without them."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for liver ills.

MAKE A START THIS VERY DAY

on the financial independence which is the right of every American man or woman. Either take to this popular bank, or send by mail your first deposit, and enter the company of thrifty persons who are the backbone of the nation. If you already have an account, see if there is a dollar in your pocket which would do you more good in the bank, than if spent foolishly, and deposit it promptly.

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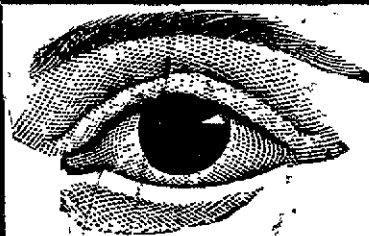
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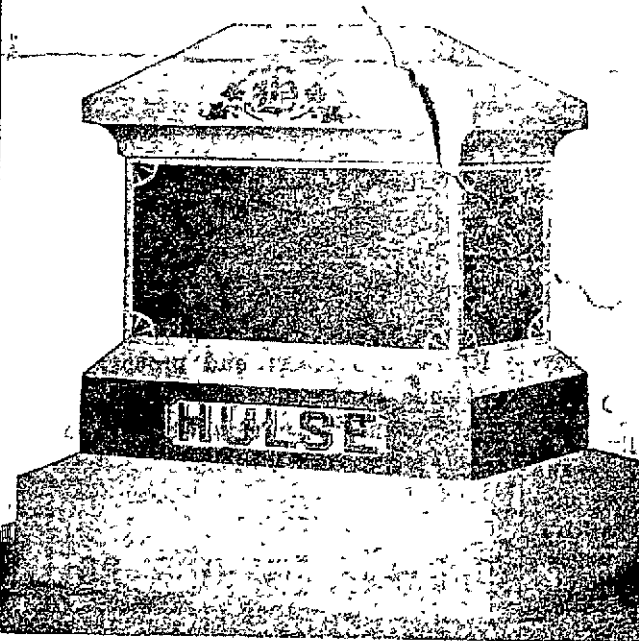
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THE WIDOW'S GOAT

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

Deacon Carter of the village of Romeo was a good man and a good neighbor. He never refused to lend his hoe or his wheelbarrow, and his wife just doted on lending her flatiron or washboard. The deacon would have no more hurt a person's feelings than he would have jumped off the bridge into Thornapple creek, and that he was ever to be threatened with a lawsuit was the last thing to be thought of.

One day the deacon got a message to the effect that his widowed daughter over at Glen Dale was dying, and he borrowed a horse and buggy and drove over. The daughter had no children to mourn her. The father got there in time to receive her last instructions and to close her eyes.

The widow had neither dog nor cat, but in place of either or both had a goat. It had been sent to her when young from a distance, and they had learned to love each other. The goat had made no trouble at all, and the daughter charged her father to take Billy home with him and watch and guard him and treat him with loving kindness.

The goat was brought home and made to understand that its future lines were to be cast in pleasant places. It was given the run of the yard, and for three days its attitude elicited sympathy and commendation. It really shed tears over the mistress and the home it had lost, and then it braced up and became playful.

The deacon had a tomato patch, and he went out one morning to pick two or three tomatoes to go with his breakfast. As he gathered them there was a concussion, and it was ten minutes later when his wife came out and found him just coming to himself again.

"W-what is it, Jephtha?" she gasped. "The—the goat!" "What about him?" "Come on the run and struck me with his head!"

"But I don't see how he"— "But she did see. The goat came bounding on like a cyclone and bowled her over and over until she struck the row of sunflowers.

Two days passed quietly, but on the evening of the second the goat quietly slipped his collar and slipped out to see the sights of Romeo. While ranging around he encountered six different persons on their way to prayer meeting. He took them in as fast as he came to them. Some went rolling into the ditch and some against the fence, but all underwent the same sensation. They thought a tree had fallen on them.

Even a good man can't escape consequences if he is the owner of a butting goat. Next day six limping people wanted to know what Deacon Carter was going to do about it. Like the square man that he was, he offered them \$3 apiece and made settlements. "If it wasn't that I had promised Hanner on her dying bed," he said to his wife as the last victim limped away.

"I know, I know, deacon," was the reply. "We'll have to keep him." "We will." "Durn his hide!" "S-s-h! There he stands in the door!"

That night the goat was shut up in the barn, but there was a window through which he jumped, taking the sash and glass with him. Mr. Griggs, the grocer, had locked up and was on his way home when some white object flashed before his eyes, and he knew no more for half an hour. The sexton of the Baptist church had spent two hours sweeping and dusting and had started for his fireside with his hands clasped under his coat tails. He went down like ripe barley before the sickle. His last impression was that a meteorite had fallen from the night sky and plunked him between the shoulders.

There were half a dozen others that were treated to various surprises and sensations, and this time it cost Deacon Carter \$50 to settle. "We'll have to sell him," he said to his wife, with a sigh.

"And Hanner's ghost will haunt us!" The goat was chained up, and for two days he was a quiet, reflective animal. He stood most of the time with half closed eyes, as if seeing his past and hoping to see his future. Then Sunday came, and the people gathered at the church. The goat worked some sort of hocus pocus on that chain and was once more at liberty. The front doors of the church stood wide open, as if inviting all the goats to enter with the sheep, and this goat entered. He entered on the run, and within three minutes he had driven out the congregation.

Could such a thing as that be overlooked and the offender forgiven? You know it could not. With pickets pulled from the fence, with clubs and rocks and umbrellas, they swarmed for the goat, and though he fought back, they were too many for him. They finally hemmed him in on the bridge, closing in to take his life, when he went over the rail into the creek and was drowned.

"I s'pose Hanner is an angel," observed the deacon's wife as they sat together that evening.

"Yes, I s'pose so." "And she saw it all?" "Yes." "What do you think she think?" "Probably that she had a fool for a father."

A BIG SENSATION

The Pittsburgh Dispatch Will Publish Series of Articles by Jack Rose.

Jack Rose, the gambling partner of Lieutenant Becker and the chief witness against him for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, has just completed a series of six articles which are the most sensational ever published. They are entitled "My Life in the Underworld" and reveal the secrets of murder, gambling, shoplifting, etc. They will give in detail how lives are put out for \$10 and upward. The tragedies of the gaming table, where criminals are really made, or wiretapping—really run by the Police Department on a commission basis of 15 per cent.

The series is remarkable for two reasons—because of the startling revelations and the service in telling the world the appalling facts of the underworld and its methods. In all sincerity he has written these stories, first and foremost attempting to be of service. In all truth they will further the cause of reform and righteousness in this country. In no other way could the facts be secured as by this man, who has spent 20 years of his life in actual personal touch with criminals of every type, not as an outsider who interviews them, but as one who works among and with them.

Jack Rose KNOWS what he writes about as Morgan KNOWS banking or as Edison KNOWS electricity.

The series of articles have been bought at a tremendous price by The Pittsburgh Dispatch, and will be published in the Sunday issue, beginning Sunday, December 29th. The demand for the Sunday Dispatch, which will publish the articles exclusively in this territory will be enormous, and arrangements should be made with newsdealers without delay for the papers containing this series. Remember, the first of the series will be printed in next Sunday's issue of The Pittsburgh Dispatch (Sunday, December 29th).

COUGHING AT NIGHT

One bad cough can keep the whole family awake at night. Phil. Disor-neau, Schaffer, Mich., says: "I could not sleep on account of a bad cough, and I was very weak. I used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and soon the cough left and I slept soundly all night." Ed. D. Heckerman. Adv.

Scribner's Magazine for January begins the fifty-third volume. The serial of the year, of which the first generous instalment is printed, is "The Custom of the Country," by Edith Wharton. It is an intensely modern story of American life, and contrasts the social conditions of the various groups which make up New York society—the frivolous, the serious, the old families and the new. Never has there been so accurate and moving a presentation of New York as it is by one who really knows. "Undine," the heroine, will be as much a character to be discussed as was "Lily Bart" of "The House of Mirth."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Kind Word for the Human Race

David Grayson, writing one of his new "Adventures in Contentment" in the January American Magazine says:

"I have always believed that men in their innermost souls desire the highest, bravest, finest things they can hear or see or feel in all the world. Tell a man how he can increase his income, and he will be grateful to you and soon forget you; but show him the highest, most mysterious things in his own soul and give him the word which will convince him that the finest things are really attainable, and he will love and follow you always."

ASK ANY HORSE



EXECUTORS' NOTICE

[Estate of Amos Claycomb, late of King Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.] Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

HARVEY E. CLAYCOMB, Executor, Rt. 1, or WILSON CLAYCOMB, Bedford, Rt. 1

Dec. 20-6t.

ELECTION NOTICE

The members of the Friend's Cove Mutual Fire Insurance Company will meet in the office at Charlesville on Tuesday, January 14, 1913, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. 20Dec4t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

[Estate of John Hafer, late of the Borough and County of Bedford, deceased.]

The undersigned Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to sell the real estate of which John Hafer, late of the Borough and County of Bedford, died seized, will offer at public sale at the hotel building, known as the Bedford House, in the Borough of Bedford, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1913, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., the following valuable real estate, to wit:

1. A large three-story stone and brick hotel building situated on the south side of East Pitt Street, in the Borough of Bedford, and known as the Bedford House, equipped with steam heat, electric light and other modern improvements.

2. A lot of ground sixty by one hundred and twenty feet situate on the southeast corner of the intersections of two alleys, one extending north and south between and parallel with Juliana and Richard Streets and the other extending east and west between and parallel with Pitt and Penn Streets, in the Borough of Bedford, being located back of the Bedford House and having large frame stables and sheds thereon erected.

3. Lot No. 33 in the plan of the Borough of Bedford, fronting on West Pitt Street and being on the southwest corner of Pitt Street and the first alley west of Juliana Street; said lot being sixty by one hundred and twenty feet and having thereon erected a large two-story brick and frame building, large stable and other buildings.

4. A tract of land situate in Bedford Township, on the northern side of the road leading from the Borough of Bedford to the Chalybeate Springs, containing about three acres and known as the "Pear Orchard."

5. A lot of ground adjoining the last described tract, having thereon erected a two-story brick house and other outbuildings.

6. The celebrated Chalybeate Spring, the water of which is famous as a diuretic, blood tonic and healer of skin eruptions, such as tetter, eczema and kindred ills, and the land surrounding the Spring consisting of fourteen acres of fertile, productive soil.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of bid must be paid or secured on day of sale, remainder of one-third on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed; one-third in one year and one-third in two years thereafter, with interest from date of confirmation of sale, deferred payments to be secured by judgment or mortgage liens.

THOMAS M. GEPHART, R. C. HADERMAN, Trustee. Dec. 20-3t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Estate of Mary Ann Corl, Deceased.

In partition in the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises on the

14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1913, at one o'clock p. m., all that parcel and tract of land situate in Union Township, said county, bounded and described as follows:

Adjoining lands of Jacob Corl, Jr., heirs on the north and east; lands of Joseph U. Gordon on the south, and lands of George and Isaac Whyson on the west, and containing sixteen acres, more or less; and she will sell the same to the highest and best bidder, on the following terms: Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid at the time the property is struck down, balance of one-third upon the confirmation of the sale and delivery of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year thereafter, said deferred payments to bear interest, with privilege of paying all in cash.

REBECCA IKES, B. F. MADORE, Trustee. Dec. 20-3t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Estate of Jacob Corl, Jr., Deceased. In partition in the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

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14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1913, at one o'clock p. m., all that parcel and tract of land situate in Union Township, said county, bounded and described as follows:

Adjoining lands of Isaac Feather on the north, lands of Aaron Claar, Philip Ickes and Jeremiah Weyant on the east, lands of Joseph U. Gordon, George Whyson and the heirs of Mary Ann Corl on the south, and lands of Eli Berkey, George W. Shafer and the heirs of Mary Ann Corl on the west, containing two hundred acres, more or less, and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, large barn, corncrib and other outbuildings; and she will sell the same to the highest and best bidder, on the following terms: Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid at the time the property is struck down, balance of one-third upon the confirmation of the sale and the delivery of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year thereafter, said deferred payments to bear interest, with the privilege of paying all in cash.

REBECCA IKES, B. F. MADORE, Trustee. Dec. 20-3t.

MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Bedford, Pa., for the election of directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House on Thursday, January 14, 1913, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.

W. J. CESSNA, Cashier.

Dec. 13-5t.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough and soothes the throat.

NOTICE OF APPEALS

Appeals from the Tri-Annual Assessments of 1913 will be held in the Commissioners' Office in Bedford for the different townships and boroughs as follows:

Coaldale Dec. 30, 1912
Colerain
Cumberland Valley
Everett
Harrison
Hopewell Borough
Hopewell Township Dec. 31
Hyndman
Bloomfield
Kimmell
Liberty
Lincoln
Londonderry Jan. 1, 1913
Mann
Mann's Choice
Monroe
Napier
New Paris
Pleasantville Jan. 2
Providence East
Providence West
Hainsburg
Schellsburg Jan. 6
Snake Spring
Southampton
Saxton
Broad Top
Juniata Jan. 7
St. Clairsville
Union
Woodbury Borough
King
Woodbury South Jan. 8
Woodbury Township
St. Clair East
Bedford Township
St. Clair West Jan. 9
Bedford Borough
Appeals for state purposes, April 1, 2 and 3, 1913.

DAVID S. HENGST, THOMAS N. IMLER, NEVIN DIEHL, County Commissioners.

Attest: G. R. SHUCK, Clerk. Dec. 13-3t

EXECUTOR'S SALE

The undersigned executor of the last will and testament of Henry P. Beegle, late of the Township of Bedford, County of Bedford and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises in Pleasant Valley, in the Township of Bedford, about five miles north of Bedford, on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m., the Mansion Farm, containing about 130 acres, more or less, of which about one hundred and thirty acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and about fifty acres in good timber, having thereon erected a dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings, on which there is a large bearing apple orchard and other fruit trees. The farm is well watered with never failing wells and creeks.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of the bid when the farm is struck down, the balance of \$3,000 when deed is delivered, and one-half of the balance in one year and one-half in two years with interest. Possession will be given April 1, 1913.

SAMUEL M. BEEGLE, ALVIN L. LITTLE, Executors. 13Dec3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of Margaret A. Bowman and Peter H. Bowman, late of Hopewell Township, deceased.] In the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to state an account for William C. Long, administrator of Margaret A. Bowman and Peter H. Bowman, late of Hopewell Township, deceased, to ascertain debts of said estates and to make distribution of all funds in said administrator's hands to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit for the purposes of his appointment in the Court House in Bedford, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 28th day of December, at ten o'clock a. m., of said day, when and where all persons having claims against said estates may appear and present and prove said claims or otherwise be forever debarred from participating in said fund.

GEORGE POINTS, Auditor. Hon. J. H. Longenecker, Attorney. Dec. 13-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to distribute the funds remaining in the hands of Lloyd A. Dilling and A. N. Byers, administrators and trustees to sell the real estate of Jeremiah B. Hullinger, late of Woodbury Borough, deceased, will sit for the purpose of his appointment at the Court House in Bedford on Thursday, January 16th, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested are required to attend or be forever debarred from a share in said funds.

B. F. MADORE, Auditor. E. M. PENNELL, Attorney. Dec. 20-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of George Fritz, late of Juniata Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.] Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

WILLIAM H. FRITZ, Administrator, New Baltimore, Pa. SIMON H. SELL, Attorney, Bedford, Pa. Nov. 22-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of George W. Vickroy, late of East St. Clair Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.] Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

WILLIAM J. VICKROY, Executor, 706 Graham Avenue, Windhor, Pa. JOHN H. JORDAN, Attorney. Dec. 6-6t.

Bedford Urban Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Bedford, Pa.

President. CAPT. ELI EICHELBERGER Manager. JOHN P. CUPPETT

DIRECTORS PATRICK HUGHES THOS. EICHELBERGER G. S. KEGARISE C. D. BRODE FRED S. COOK J. S. GUYER ED. D. HECKERMAN SIMON F. WHEATSTONE

Insurance in Force, One Million Dollars. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Make our office your home when in Bedford. Insurance at cost. Losses adjusted and promptly paid. Fire of G. C. Grafton, Pa., January 16; adjusted January 17; paid January 18; amount \$79.59; Mr. Grove entirely satisfied. Let us have insurance. The management promises you fair treatment.

JOHN P. CUPPETT, Manager.

SEND THEM TO

FOOTER'S

Everything You Have to be Cleaned or Dyed.

Do Not Mistake the Name---FOOTER'S DYE WORKS.

W. C. McCLINTIC, Authorized Agent.

W. H. SEARS, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat HUNTINGDON, PA.

AT BEDFORD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1913.

Can be seen at Huntingdon on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.



THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE At The Price You Ought To Pay

Today the Ford factory in Detroit is one of America's "seven wonders"—a model plant in every respect, equipped with the most modern machinery and devices, employing seven thousand well paid workers and representing a clear investment of several millions.

Here under the direct supervision of Mr. Ford and a corps of trained engineers, the Ford is made on a scale so tremendous as to be beyond the conception of those unfamiliar with the condition of its manufacture.

Bear in mind that this great plant and its equipment is all devoted to the making of just one car. All Fords are alike, except the bodies. The engines, the frames, the transmissions, the running gears, all that goes to make up the chassis are identical.

New prices—Touring car, \$300; Torpedo Runabout, \$225, F. O. B. Detroit.

UNION GARAGE, Bedford, Pa.

Also Agent for BUICK Automobiles.

GUESSING CONTEST OVER

No. Snow Flakes in Dull's Window 1933

Winning Number 1930.

No. Strings in Window 122.

No. Guesses Cast 421.

H. T. Shuck winner of the 3 lb. box of Whitman's Candy.

JOHN R. DULL, Druggist.

Deeds Recorded

Margaret A. Bowman et al., by administrator, to G. B. Long, 3 lots in Hopewell Township; \$250.

John S. Imler to Alex. C. Price, 2 tracts in Bedford Township; \$2,000.

Adam Shaffer to Henry Imler, 2 lots in Bedford Township; \$100.

Henry Imler to Daniel J. Price, 2 lots in Bedford Township; \$200.

Julia Price, by Sheriff, to Sarah Ann Price, 2 tracts in Bedford Township; \$860.

Daniel J. Price to David O. Price, 2 lots in Bedford Township; nominal.

Sarah Ann Price to David O. Price, tract in Bedford Township; \$500.

Harry J. Fry, by assignee, to C. A. Patterson, 5 tracts in Hopewell and Broad Top Townships; \$5,198.50.

Phillip Ickes, by executor, to Hugh Walter et al., 86 acres, 20 perches in Union; \$2,000.

David A. Burkett to Thomas Roudabush, 34 acres, 44 perches in Kimmell; \$1,200.

Mary R. Cathers et al., to Harry Briggie, 2 acres, 110 perches in Kimmell; \$100.

Samuel Werking to David T. Detwiler, lot in South Woodbury; \$1,000.

Joseph Pepple, by executor, to Dorsey I. Pepple, 3 tracts in Snake Spring; \$2,000.

Thomas Price to Conda Casteel, 2 tracts in Bedford Township; \$5,500.

Rachel Acker to Hulda A. Whitcomb, tract in East St. Clair; \$2,800.

Andrew Turner, by executor, to Mary M. Fair, 95 acres in Harrison and Napier; \$2,755.

Wender Brothers, by trustee, to George H. Gibboney, lot in Coal-dale; \$5,000.

Alfred Willison to Edward Burnes, 200 acres in Southampton; \$2,000.

Marriage Licenses

Joseph C. McGahey of Defiance and Pearl Lewis of Six Mile Run.

Clarence W. Reighard and Florence R. Troutman, of Bedford Township.

Thomas J. Hucks and Alda M. Bowser, of Saxton.

Amos G. Black of Greenfield Township, Blair County, and Myra A. Walter of Kimmell Township.

Earnest Drake of Everett and Virginia E. Hinish of East Providence Township.

Roy T. Robinson of Opequan, Va.,

and Cordelia Foreman of Bedford Township.

Elmer Eshelman and Lizzie E. Stern, of Everett.

George M. Brantner of East Providence and Zella F. Wigfield of West Providence.

George W. Inglis of Cessna and Adda C. Howsare of Altoona.

John H. Moor and Lea F. Troutman, of Stonerstown.

Arthur K. Bechtel of Baker's Summit and Ethel V. Fyock of Salemville.

Warren C. Amick and Laura H. Diehl, of Everett.

Albert H. Markle of Monroe and Harriet J. Porter of East Providence.

Henry J. Wakehouse of Bedford and Mulvena Darr of West Providence.

DIED

LUCAS—Monday evening, December 9, Pauline, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lucas, died at their home in Saxton. Interment was made in the Everett Cemetery on Wednesday, December 11.

PARKS—Tuesday morning, December 10, Alexander Parks died in Entiken, aged 83. Three sons survive: William and George, of Entiken, and John Parks of Saxton.

FRIEND—Mrs. Mary Ann Friend, widow of Israel Friend, late of Salemville, died on Tuesday, December 3, in Buffalo, N. Y., aged 64 years. One sister, three daughters and two sons survive.

HALL—On Tuesday, December 17, Mrs. Amanda Hall died at the State Hospital, Harrisburg. The body was brought to Mt. Union Church, Clear Ridge, where funeral services were conducted on Thursday, December 19, by Rev. J. W. Hoffman. Three brothers and one son survive.

St. Clairsville Reformed Church
J. W. Zehring, Pastor
Sunday, December 29—Imler Sunday School 9 a. m.; preaching 10 a. m. Osterburg. Sunday School 1; preaching 2:15 p. m.

Bedford Presbyterian Church
R. W. Illingworth, Minister
Sabbath School 10 a. m.; morning worship 11 o'clock; evening service 7:30; prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran Church
H. E. Wiegand, Pastor
Sabbath School 9:45 a. m.; sermon by pastor 11 a. m., theme of sermon: "The Answer to the Intercessory Prayer of Our Lord." Christian Endeavor service 6:45; sermon 7:30 p. m., God's Plea for Man.

Friend's Cove Lutheran Church
J. J. Minemier, Pastor
Bald Hill: Preparatory services Saturday 2 p. m. Communion service Sunday 10 a. m. St. Mark's: Preaching 2:30 p. m. Joint council meeting Saturday afternoon, December 28, at 2 o'clock at parsonage on South Richard Street.

Card of Thanks
We wish to extend our thanks to friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness extended during the recent illness and death of our husband and father, Benjamin Troutman.

Mrs. Anna Troutman and Family.

Buy your Films for your Camera at Dull's.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Etc.,

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. John N. Minnich, Bedford, Pa.

For Rent—Three office rooms on second floor in Ridenour Block. J. W. Ridenour, Bedford. Jan. 5-11.

Oil Meal—For sale at H. H. Ly-singer's mill, Bedford, Pa. 13 Dec't.

Wanted—2,000 - telegraph poles from 35 to 65 feet in length. A. B. Egolf, Bedford.

Wanted—Girl to do general housework; good wages. Apply at once. Mrs. A. Hoffman, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Lancaster and Hagers-town Almanacs at Heckerman's Drug Store.

Just received a carload of Lehigh Portland Cement. Davidson Brothers, Bedford.

For Sale—Locust Posts and Wire Fence; Gasoline Engines, \$50 and up. W. F. Cromwell, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Cabbage and Sugar Beets. Joseph B. May, Bedford, County Phone.

For Sale—Perfectly pure ground pepper and first quality, 20c a pound at Heckerman's Drug Store.

For Rent—Four rooms on second floor of Ridenour Block, heated. Rates from \$5 to \$10 per month. J. W. Ridenour, Bedford.

For Sale—Pinks and roses for all. Can furnish floral designs for funerals on short notice. Levi Smith, florist, 156 South Richard Street, Bedford.

For Sale or Rent—The John P. Reed property, on Juliana Street, 60 feet front and 240 feet deep. For particulars apply to Paul Reed. Aug. 30-11.

We have put in stock and will continue to carry a complete line of photographic supplies, films, plates, etc. Ed. D. Heckerman, the Druggist.

Wanted—Twenty good girls and women from Bedford County to go to Wilkensburg to work. Bibby Agency, 334 Penn. Ave., Wilkensburg, Pa. Nov. 22-81.

For Sale—One Family Driving Horse, one Buggy, one Surrey, one Phaeton, all rubber tires and good as new; two sets Harness, Saddle and Bridle, Sleigh, good as new. Inquire at Corle's Variety Store. Nov. 1-11.

The Best Dry Battery on Earth for gasoline engines, automobiles and gas lighting machines at Heckerman's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa.

Dr. Gump wants to employ a good, reliable young man with a small family to move into one of his Orchard Farm houses and work for him at any time that may be convenient to him; references required, good wages paid.

For Sale or Exchange—One mare with foal, one three and one five year old, weighing 1100 and 1200, respectively. Horses bought, sold and exchanged at all times. D. E. Donaldson, Six Mile Run. 13 Dec't.

Private Sale of hotel and store building at Osterburg, known as the Berkheimer Property. For further information inquire of H. M. Schaefer, Ivyland, Pa. 6 Dec't.

For Sale—Three hundred acres of choice timber and farm land, one and one-half miles northeast of Bedford. Orchard of 500 choice apple trees just beginning to bear. For full particulars call or address G. Walter Dauter, Bedford, Pa. Dec. 27-21.

Farm For Sale—A Rare Chance: 180 acres in Athens County, O., banner peach and apple country of the country. Apple orchards here net \$200 per A. and upward, annually. \$8,000 will buy this splendid farm with house, barn, granary and other buildings. Good for general farming and excellent for dairying. Near school and church. For sale by owner who is retiring on account of age. Address E. E. Baker, Athens, O. Dec. 6-31.

COAL

Before placing your orders for Big Vein Georges Creek Coal, in car loads, write me for prices. Big Vein, Small Vein and Lump.

JOHN R. WARFIELD,
Box 226, Cumberland, Md.
Nov. 1-2m.

Trinity Lutheran Church
H. E. Wiegand, Pastor
Sabbath School 9:45 a. m.; sermon by pastor 11 a. m., theme of sermon: "The Answer to the Intercessory Prayer of Our Lord." Christian Endeavor service 6:45; sermon 7:30 p. m., God's Plea for Man.

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Mrs. Anna Troutman and Family.

Buy your Films for your Camera at Dull's.

To The Public

Allow us to thank you for your patronage which made possible the successful year just closing.

You have shown us in a most unmistakable manner that you approve our efforts to give you goods and service in keeping with modern requirements and demands. We solicit a continuance of your confidence, assuring you our policy and aim for next year will be along the same modern lines which have met your approval during this year, and that no opportunity to give you anything better will be overlooked.

Our best friends are those who tell us where we failed to please. We are here to serve you best with the best in our line and respectfully invite your commands.

Barnett's Store
THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

MERRY CHRISTMAS (Continued from First Page.)

Recitation, Dorothy Allen.
Recitation, Emily Deilhaugh.
Duet, Miss Ellen Morgart and H. B. Cessna.

Recitation, "Little Tim's Christmas," Helen Billman.

Recitation, Margaret Deilhaugh.

Address by the Pastor.

Offering.

Anthem by Choir.

Benediction.

Distribution of Gifts.

St. John's Reformed

Members of St. John's Reformed Sunday School rendered the following service Christmas night at 7:30 o'clock:

Singing, Choir, while school entered.

Invocation, Pastor.

Singing.

Recitation, "Christmas Welcome," Leone Sell.

Song by Primary Children.

Exercise, Passing the Light.

Duet, Magdalene Reed and Marie Wertz.

Recitation, "A Glorious Day," Richard Greer.

Exercise, "A Wish," Lester Rouzer, Ellis Brown, Luther Smith.

Song, Winona Garbrick.

Singing.

Recitation, "Just a Little Good Will," Floyd Souser.

Solo, Lillian Strook.

Recitation, Catherine Gilchrist.

Exercise, "The King of Love."

Exercise, "Crowning Jesus."

Recitation, "The Story I Love Best," Lee Stern.

Song by Primary Children.

Recitation, Ross Brown.

Singing.

Exercise, "To Help Out the Shine."

Exercise, "The Christmas Story."

Duet, Ruth Reed and Louise Strook.

Recitation, Francis Lowery.

Recitation, "Wreaths of Love."

Singing.

Recitation, Bertram Smith.

Exercise, "Little Candles."

Exercise, "What Does it Mean?"

Irene Diehl.

Exercise, "Peace, Light, Love, Joy."

Offering, with prayer and singing of sentence.

Singing, Doxology, Benediction. Treat for Children.

Presbyterian

Christmas services by the Presbyterian Sunday School were held in

the church Sabbath evening. There was a large attendance and the exercises were pleasing and inspiring throughout. The musical numbers were varied and included full choruses, duets and solos, accompanied by the piano, violin and cornet. Interest and variety were added to the services by the several class exercises and songs which were interspersed throughout the program. The church had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, evergreens and the Christmas tree lending appropriate setting for the beautiful yuletide service. The well chosen remarks by the pastor, Rev. Illingworth, in the Christmas address were based on the promise of the angel to Zacharias and emphasized through the example of John the Baptist the excellence of character which parents should strive to inculcate in their children. The Christmas spirit and the preeminence of the child in the Christian dispensation were the leading sentiments aroused by the service. The children all did their parts well and the exercises formed an appropriate observance of the anniversary of the Christ child's birth.

St. Thomas' Catholic

The usual early mass was celebrated in St. Thomas' Catholic Church Christmas morning by Rev. Father William E. Downes. Services were also held at 7 and 10 a. m.

Important Parcels Post Instructions

That distinctive parcel post stamps must be used on all fourth-class matter beginning January 1, 1913, and that such matter bearing ordinary postage will be treated as "Held for postage."

That parcels will be mailable only at postoffices, branch postoffices, lettered and local-named stations, and such numbered stations as may be designated by the postmaster, or presented to a rural or other carrier duly authorized to receive such matter.

That all parcels must bear the return of the sender; otherwise they will not be accepted for mailing.

Wolfsburg M. E. Charge

J. R. Melroy, Pastor

Sunday, December 29—Wolfsburg: Sunday School 9:30; preaching by J. Freeman Melroy, a ministerial student of Dickinson College, 10:30 a. m. Trans Run: Preaching service 2:30 p. m. Rainsburg: Class meeting 6:30; preaching service 7 p. m. Revival meetings every evening next week at Burning Bush.

A Good Start

Start the New Year by opening a bank account. Saving is a habit; so is success, and prosperity attends the economical and careful conduct of affairs whether in business or in the home.

HARTLEY BANKING CO.

BEDFORD, PA.

John M. Reynolds
Allen C. Blackburn
Fred A. Metzger
J. Frank Russell
Simon H. Sell

J. Anson Wright, Frank E. Colvin,
Cashier. Solicitor.

ELECTION NOTICE

The members of the Urban Mutual Fire Insurance Company will meet at its office, No. 106½ Juliana Street, Bedford, Pa., on Tuesday, January 7, 1913, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

JOHN P. CUPPETT,
Secretary.

27 Dec 21.

SALE REGISTER

All persons having sale bills privileged at this office get a free notice in the sale register. This is worth \$6.11 in the price of the bills. \$6.00

On Saturday, December 28, at 10:56 o'clock noon, Harvey E. and Wils 5.62 Claycomb, executors of the late Am 1.48 Claycomb, will sell the following personal property on the premises, half way between Osterburg and Weyant on the Bobb's Creek Road: Two horses, 12 head of sheep, 15 hog-raising cattle, 3 wagons, farming im 2 elements, 3 long sleds, bark rigging, harness, hay, cornfodder, clover seed and many other articles.

Samuel M. Beegle, executor of the late Henry P. Beegle, will sell the following personal property on the premises in Pleasant Valley, about five miles north of Bedford on Thursday, January 2, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m.: Three horses, bull, cows, sheep, farming implements, 3 wagons, lot of good lumber, kitchen utensils and household goods.

On Saturday, January 4, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon Lloyd T. Griffith will sell at Churchville, near Osterburg, the property of the late Sarah Griffith, and the following personal property: Two stoves, tables, stands, lot of chairs, sofa, sewing machine, lot of carpet and matting, washing machine, buggy and many other articles.

**We Offer Great Reductions on
Our Entire Line of**

STOVES---FURNITURE---CARPETS

Metzger Hardware Company